WITH WIND AND TIDE

LAWTON B. EVANS

FAMOUS AMERICAN SEA STORIES

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WITH WIND AND TIDE

Sea Stories from American History

BY
LAWTON B. EVANS

Illustrated by
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McLOUGHLIN BROS., INC.
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

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By MILTON BRADLEY COMPANY,
Springfield, Mass.

Printed in the United States of America

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FOREWORD

The sea has ever been alluring for its mystery, its romance and its heroism. It is always a wilderness changing, challenging and inspiring. It may at any time demand the utmost skill and daring and always demands the utmost care and watchfulness. It ever lies in wait to overcome the timid or overwhelm the unprepared and unwary. The expanse of water, the drive of winds, the drift of tide have tempted the adventurous from the beginning of the world.

Stories of the sea are appealing to our admiration and our love of adventure. We thrill over the exploits of those who solve the mystery of unknown regions; we applaud the endurance of those who brave the dangers of storm and wreck; we suffer with those who freeze in ice bound waters or blister in tropic seas; we glory in the heroism of those who defend the flag upon the high seas and against all enemies.

The author hopes these stories taken from the history of our country will bring an understanding of why our flag is respected and honored in all ports and on all waters.

LAWTON B. EVANS

Augusta, Ga.

WITH WIND AND TIDE

THE VIKINGS COME TO VINLAND

IN the year one thousand, long before men knew there was any such country as America, or even that the world was round, or how far the ocean extended, a small craft was making its way boldly westward over the Atlantic Ocean from the shores of Greenland.

The crew was of the hardiest men, bold Vikings of the sea, heavy bearded, and fearless. The ship had one big square sail of coarse woolen cloth, that swelled and bent to the fierce winds. On the bow was a carved dragon of frightful aspect, glittering in gilt, and snarling defiance, while along the bulwarks were hung rows of wooden shields, between which were places for great oars that were used in time of calm.

On a platform in the stern stood the Viking commander, large, powerful, and fierce of voice and manner. He wore a coat of ring-mail, while by his side in a richly carved scabbard

was a long sword with a handle of bronze. On his head he wore a helmet that shone like silver, and was shaped like the head of a wolf, with open jaws and biting teeth. Ah, but he was a fierce Viking!

On the rowing benches sat the Norsemen crew, or else they stood by to man the sails. There were thirty-five of them in all, armed with spears, axes, bows and arrows. They were called Norsemen because they originally came from Norway. They were dressed in the coarsest cloth, belted at the waist, with thick-woolen shirts in red, white and blue. On their heads were iron helmets, beneath which their yellow hair streamed to their shoulders. With their heavy beards, long drooping moustaches, their glittering eyes, frowning faces and harsh cries by sea and land, they were the terror of the seas, those Norsemen of long ago.

The commander who stood in the stern was Leif, son of Eric the Red. Eric himself was as fierce a Viking as ever braved a northern storm or ravaged a peaceful village. He it was who discovered Greenland, and was among the first to lead his Norse followers to settle in that

dreary land, and now his son was on the way to find other lands that he had heard of as being westward. The old Eric at first had wanted to go with his son, in spite of his years, but on the way to the ship his horse stumbled and the old Viking fell off.

"An ill omen," he exclaimed. "The gods do not intend for me to go with my son. I shall stay in Greenland." And no amount of persuasion could make the old sea king put his foot on any ship again.

Eric drove his ship westward from the shores of Greenland. It was early spring and still cold, but what cared these men of the North? Over the sea when it was still came their wild, rough songs, sagas of the Northland. They sang of the virtues of their ancestors, and their own mighty deeds. When the winds blew, they swore louder than the tempest, and drowned the storms in their own fierce cries. It was a hardy and bold crew that set forth in the cold, into unknown seas, seeking for a land that they had heard of far to the westward.

Days and weeks passed, storms blew, and

calms came. By sail and oar the Viking ship and its sea-bred crew, under its relentless leader, kept on and on. At length land came in sight, a dreary, mountainous, icy coast, probably the shores of Labrador.

They landed to find only bare rocks, ice fields and snow covered hills.

"We rest not here, my men," called Leif to his followers. "Far to the south there is sun and warmth. We sail within the hour. This is no place for a home."

Aboard again and more songs as the dragon pointed his face southward and showed his fangs to the sea. Once more land, a little better but not much. The coast line was sandy, with a dense forest back of it. They landed, but did not tarry. These Vikings were not in the humor to linger on shores that offered no food and but little prospect of a fight.

On again, and days went by as the vessel swam into warmer waters. Winter was gone, and spring had come. The Norse ship drifted here and there as the will of its master directed. They were in no hurry for they had nowhere to go.

Then one day they came near an island, with a channel between it and the mainland. They sailed up the channel until they came to a river, clear and deep. They sailed a little way up this river, then lowered a boat and began to explore further up the stream. The river broadened into a lake, and into this lake they brought their ship and cast anchor.

"Here we land and bide a while," said Leif to his men. "This is a fair place for food and rest, like the shores of Norway in summer." They were probably off the coast of what is now Rhode Island.

The Vikings were satisfied. Being half pirates anyhow, they were accustomed to make any place home, so long as they did not have to stay on land for any length of time. They began first to explore the river for fish.

"Salmon! Salmon!" one of them cried. In fact the river was full of salmon and other fish. That settled the question of fresh meat. Then there was abundant wood in the forest for fires and shelter. There was grass growing, and probably there was game in the woods. Altogether the Norsemen were not in a bad

place for a settlement. So there they camped for the season.

The weeks were spent in cutting wood, building shelters, drying fish and killing game, preparatory for the winter. The clearing had the appearance of a small camp, for there were thirty-five wild men to be cared for until they chose to sail elsewhere.

So far no sign of human life had appeared on these shores. If there were any savages they had fled into the interior, or else kept in hiding from the Norsemen.

But Leif was a cautious captain. He sternly forbade his men to get separated, or go unarmed into the woods, or to leave the camp and his ship unguarded. He knew what a disaster the burning of his vessel would be, and how feeble would be the resistance of thirty-five men against a multitude of savages.

"Risk not too much in your wanderings. Go not far inland, and beyond cry of your fellows, and be back before the darkness comes. You know not the dangers about us."

An evening came when one of the explorers failed to return. His name was Tyrker, a

German by birth, who was attached to Leif from his childhood. He was a small, wretched little man, with bulging forehead and beady eyes, but a good sailor and carpenter, and Leif was fond of him. He was older than the leader, and very venturesome in his ways.

"Where is Tyrker?" demanded the leader. No one knew. No one had seen him since noon.

The leader was angry and soundly abused his men for letting the man go off alone.

"Come, twelve of you, and follow me with torches," called Leif, springing to his feet.

Twelve men joined him and they started into the woods.

Hardly had they begun their quest than Tyrker himself came forth, rolling his eyes and making wry faces with joy. He was eagerly devouring handfuls of grapes from large bunches which he had broken off and was bringing back with him.

It had been a long time since he had eaten grapes, for there were none in Greenland, and they reminded him of his home in Germany. He was muttering his mother tongue, and cramming his mouth full of the fruit. It was

some time before he went back to the Norse language and told his leader,

"Grapes! Plenty back in the woodland. Vines loaded with them. Grapes! Grapes!"

And so the Norsemen had grapes to eat all summer as long as they lasted. And that is why when Leif went back to Greenland the next spring he named the land he had visited Vineland or Vinland, the land of the grapes, and the story writers of Norway wrote it down in their books so that we can read it today.

And this is the story of the first ship that wind and tide bore to our country, and the first people from Europe that came here, and the first name they gave to any part of our country.

THE SEA-KING OF DEVON

FRANCIS Drake was among the most foremost English sea captains of his day. He was a bold buccaneer, a captain of a slaveship, and was known as "The Sea-King of Devon." He went plundering the Spaniards in the Carribean, and was the first English admiral to sail around the world, as we shall see.

He was a rough, blunt, sturdy, fearless sailor who loved deeds of daring and adventure, and for such the world has applauded him ever since.

It was at a time when Spain had settled the better part of South America, and her "gold fleet" was gathering treasures of gold and silver to fill the Spanish treasury. England had no love for Spain, and Elizabeth, the queen, was very glad to let her half-pirate captain harry the South American coasts, and rob the Spanish ships of their rich cargoes.

Drake liked nothing better than this, and many were his adventures along the Guinea coasts of Africa, gathering negroes to sell in the West Indies, and many were the towns he plundered and the ships he sank in the waters of the New World.

Drake wanted to be the first Englishman to sail around South America, and explore its west coast. He wanted to sail the Pacific under an English flag. So he collected a fleet of five vessels, with ample provisions for a long and dangerous voyage. He had a good supply of cannon, arms and ammunition. His own ship was beautifully furnished with gold and silver plate, ornaments and rich furniture. It was called *The Golden Hind.* His company consisted of one hundred and sixty-four men, a band of musicians, and several skilful cooks.

But we shall see that before he was through, he had but little need of all this equipment and fine adornment, and the band never played after the shores of America were reached.

He first sailed by the African Coast "to fool the Spaniards and make them think I am after a cargo of negroes," he explained to the

other captains. Then straight across the Atlantic with fair wind and weather. The band played, the men sang, and all was merry. It was well to be so, for trouble lay ahead, and they might well be merry while they had a chance.

After two weeks the vessels came up to Cape Blanco, where they halted for five days for rest and fishing. The natives were friendly and docile. There was a scarcity of water in that region, and the natives begged a supply from the big ships. Drake gave them generously of his limited store, and they went away capering with delight.

His next stopping place was the island of Mayo, where dwelt a colony of Portuguese shepherds and farmers. The Portuguese did not like the English any more than did the Spaniards. So when Drake and his men landed for water they found the huts deserted. All the springs had been sprinkled with salt, so that the water could not be drunk. The Portuguese had fled into the interior and no trace of them could be found. Drake saw nothing to be gained by burning the homes and de-

stroying the crops and cattle, and sailed away leaving things as he found them.

He then fell in with a large Portuguese galleon, loaded with wine, cloth and other wares, bound for Brazil. He made short work of capturing her, taking all the passengers prisoners, and placing a prize crew on board. As soon as Drake could find a convenient port he set the Portuguese prisoners at liberty, giving them clothes, wine and provisions.

He kept the Portuguese pilot, however, to use in guiding him along the Brazilian coast. He kept the galleon as part of his own fleet.

Then he came to an island which had a volcano in it. On the island eighteen miles from the shore rose a steep hill, which had in it a consuming, sulphurous fire that showed itself every four hours, breaking out with great violence and throwing stones in abundance. They did not linger long on this island, but hastened to leave so dangerous a place.

Another island, nearby, Drake reported to be "a most sweet and pleasant island. The soil is full of trees, a storehouse of fruits such as figs, cocoas, oranges, lemons, citron and

cotton. Also silver streams of sweet and wholesome water." Here they stayed awhile for rest and then put to sea again.

Drake had been out for five months, and now the long, low coast of Brazil came in sight. Scarcely had they come near the land when they saw it lit up with many bonfires. There were men and women running up and down the shore feeding the flames with wood and brush. The sailors took this to be a sign of welcome but Drake knew better. He told his men,

"Those bonfires are not meant for our welcome, but are sacrifices to the devil. They believe that if they build those fires the devils will come up out of the sea and overwhelm our ships. They think we are Spanish or Portuguese, and we may as well let them alone."

The fleet came to the mouth of the Rio de la Plata and found anchor in a sheltered bay. This was the first principal station of the voyage across the Atlantic. It was a convenient place to tarry, for the climate was mild, the air pure and sweet, and the country fruitful. The men explored the river, killed seals for

food, and shot deer in the forests. Wherever they went, the natives fled before them, taking them for Spaniards or Portuguese.

Continuing the voyage the explorers came upon the race of giants whom Magellan had called the Patagonians. They were men large in stature and powerful. They did not show the least timidity, but mingled freely with the English on the friendliest terms. When Drake gave them presents of knives, beads, mirrors and red cloth they chattered with great delight. They even joined the crew in their sports.

But there was one surly fellow among them whom no presents could make smile. "That man may give us trouble. We had best watch him," were the comments of the crew. And so it proved.

One day several of the giants were watching an English gunner, Oliver, practice with his bow and arrows on the shore. They gazed with open mouth at the precision with which Oliver sent two arrows in the center of the target, and by signs indicated that they would like to try the curious kind of crossbow the Englishman was using.

Oliver handed one of them his bow. But the giant was not used to that kind of war implement, and was very awkward. The English, who had gathered to see the sport, laughed. The giant threw down the bow, while the surly savage who was watching him laughed aloud in derision.

Oliver picked up the bow to continue his practice, but his string snapped as he let fly the arrow. Drake and his men scented danger as they heard the quarrelsome Patagonian utter a dismal howl, and saw him call his companions to one side and gesticulate wildly.

Thinking the English powerless now that the string was broken, the savages changed at once from friends to enemies. Retreating a short distance they let go a shower of arrows at the disarmed archer. Poor Oliver fell dead, pierced to the heart by a Patagonian arrow.

Drake was infuriated at this turn of affairs. Seizing a bow and holding a target in front of him he boldly advanced to the spot where the savage was standing urging his men on. Drake leveled his bow at him, and the arrow went through his body. The savage fell dead, to the

dismay of the others, who fled howling into the woods.

Drake made haste to reach his ships and put a safe distance between his men and the shore. Here he stayed for a few days longer, not fearing the savages who had by now disappeared, repairing his vessels, and getting ready for the passage through the straits of Magellan, and for his adventures upon the broad surface of the Pacific Ocean.

The passage through the straits took about two weeks. Sometimes the channel was very narrow, and tall cliffs loomed up on both sides threatening the ships with destruction. Then again there were broad waters like lakes where the ships rode peacefully. They passed volcanic islands, where flames lit up the heavens with a red glow. The winds blew and snow fell. It was cold and frosty and the men suffered from exposure.

But there was plenty of wild fowl on the islands where they landed, and the scenery was grand and inspiring. Drake and his men were always busily engaged in managing the ships in their perilous passage, encouraged by

the thought that they were the first Englishmen to explore the long eastern coast of South America, and to find their way through the straits that sixty years before had been passed by Magellan under the flag of Spain.

DRAKE ON THE PACIFIC COAST

DRAKE was through the straits of Magellan. By now he had only three ships. The others had been separated in storms, or broken up for wood and used in repairs. *The Golden Hind* was proudly bearing the English flag for the first time on the Pacific Ocean.

There was a story that the Pacific would stormily resent any vessel passing through the straits, especially any English ship. And so Drake found it. After about a week a storm broke out in great fury. The vessels were hurled about helplessly and lost sight of one another. Masts were torn from the decks and sails were ripped into shreds. It was a frightful storm and the sailors were terrified.

One of the vessels was driven out to sea and was never heard of again. The captain of the other ship declared he had had enough and that Drake was crazy to tempt Providence

in the way he was doing. So he deserted *The Golden Hind* and put back into the straits on the way home.

The Golden Hind was left alone to pursue whatever way its bold leader should decide. The storm arose again and the lone ship was driven southward. Onward Drake went however, until he came to an island at the extreme end of the South American continent. Beyond there appeared no land. When the wind and waves subsided the vessel cast anchor, glad to rest for a short while under shelter of some tall cliffs. Hard luck was attending the voyage, but the spirit of Francis Drake was never subdued.

He resolved to explore the island. Going alone to the top of one of the farthest cliffs he cast himself at full length on the ground, and stretched himself as far as he could over the water.

When he came back one of his officers asked him, "Captain, where have you been?"

Drake replied proudly, "I have been further south than any other living man. I have stood on the southernmost point of land in the

known world." In fact he had stood on the very extremity of Cape Horn.

The storms abated, the winds died down, and the Pacific again deserved its name of peaceful. Drake left Cape Horn and boldly started northward. In about three weeks he had reached the coast of Chile, where he came to anchor. The natives came to the shore when Drake's men landed, and took the presents he gave them with every appearance of delight. But when two of his men were separated from the others they were attacked from ambush and killed.

Those who remained in the boat were assailed with a shower of arrows. Every man was wounded. Drake had a stone strike him in the face. The natives came so close to the boat that they seized the oars, and came near capsizing the frail craft. It was by a narrow chance that the sailors reached *The Golden Hind* in safety.

The crew was greatly enraged and wanted to set upon the savages with guns in order to punish them. But Drake said,

"No, these poor wretches probably take us

for Spaniards, at whose hands they have suffered so much. Besides, what good would it do us to kill a half hundred of them and then make way?"

In a few days *The Golden Hind* set sail again and came to Valparaiso, where Drake saw with great delight a huge Spanish galleon, with flag floating proudly and making ready to sail for Spain with her cargo.

"There's a prize for us, and every man a share in the booty," he cried, and the men jumped to their places.

The Golden Hind bore down on the Spanish galleon and captured her without shedding a drop of blood. Rich were the treasures aboard. Thousands of dollars in gold, jewels, goods and wine. It was a rare capture and the sailors made a merry night of it on *The Golden Hind,* while the Spaniards cursed them through the trumpets. Drake had taken all that it had required a year for them to acquire.

Landing a force on the shore, Drake proceeded to search the little village of Valparaiso, for at that time it was nothing more than a cluster of houses surrounding a church. The

inhabitants fled when the English landed. But Drake found provisions, and some gold ornaments which he did not hesitate to appropriate.

Drake was bent on securing plunder from the Spanish ships and towns. He was a freebooter, out for what he could find, and took what was in his way. On landing at a place called Tarapaza, some of the men going up the shore came upon a Spaniard asleep on the banks of an inlet. By his side were thirty bars of silver. Where he got them did not matter to Drake's men. They were soon added to the store of *The Golden Hind.*

A little further inland the same men met another Spaniard driving some sheep. On the back of the sheep were some heavy bags, which when opened were found to contain more silver bars. These likewise went the way of all other treasures filling the store rooms of *The Golden Hind.*

At a little town called Arica a native told Drake that a Spanish galleon with a rich cargo had been seen passing slowly up the coast. Drake called his men together and said to them,

"There is a galleon ahead of us, richly laden. We must find her and take her. Whoever first sees her will receive a heavy gold chain, besides his share of the booty."

For several days a strict watch was kept. One day a sailor cried out, "There master, is the galleon! The chain is mine."

Through his glasses Drake saw the Spanish vessel. It was the galleon they were seeking, and the sailor received his reward.

The Spanish ship was sailing slowly, and never suspected that the vessel rapidly approaching her was an emeny. The galleon slackened speed and signalled for the officers to come on board.

"With pleasure," was the reply from *The Golden Hind*.

Drake put armed men into a boat and went himself to accept the invitation. Going aboard the Spaniard, he promptly put every soul under arrest, and took possession of all her rich cargo. The astonished and indignant Spaniards were put ashore, the vessel was set adrift without anybody on board, and *The Golden Hind* merrily went on her way northward.

Drake and his men were having a good time.

The weather was fine, the men were well fed and happy, the plunder was bountiful, and the accidents were few. Northward he continued to sail, leaving behind him a trail of wrath and consternation. The Spanish all along the coast knew he was abroad and were on the lookout for him, but no protecting war vessel ever caught him.

A messenger started from Valparaiso by land to Lima, to warn the people of the English ship. But Drake sailed faster than the messenger could run and beat him to the town. *The Golden Hind* sailed into the harbor, sacked several Spanish vessels, but found nothing worthy of capture.

The Golden Hind sailed away from its pursuers at Lima, ever making her way northward. Drake continued to take many prizes. Never were riches so easily acquired, never were ships and towns so easily surprised and overwhelmed. It was like a drag net taking in gold and silver, rich cloths and jewels. *The Golden Hind* was fairly loaded down with her prizes.

Along the coast of Nicaragua sailed the marauder and then out to sea, thinking of

some way to get back home. He dared not go back through the straits; there were too many Spanish vessels looking for his return. Onward for weeks he sailed northward, until he came in sight of land again. There were no Spaniards, no rich ships in the harbors; only a bare coast, and the winds were cold and bleak. He had reached the coast of California not far from where San Francisco was one day to be a great and beautiful city.

The Indians came down to the shore to see the strange white men. They had never seen any before, though these they saw now were browned by exposure, and heavily bearded as were sailors of that day. However, Drake and his men made friends with the natives. There was no treachery on the part of either the whites or the Indians, for the simple savages had no grievances as yet against the white men.

The savages brought many things for the white men to eat. Among them was a dried herb which they called "tabak." It proved to be tobacco, but since Drake and his men had never seen any tobacco before, they did

not know whether to eat it or drink it or chew it. Therefore they did not find it much to their taste.

For a long time Drake rested on the shores of the Pacific. The natives could not be persuaded that he was not some kind of a god. They brought their sick to him and asked him to touch them or blow upon them to cure them. Drake persuaded them that medicine was better than anything else.

Drake longed to set sail for home. So he loaded *The Golden Hind* with provisions and water, repaired her the best he could, left the natives weeping and howling on the shore, and sailed westward, determined to go on around the world.

The ocean was peaceful all the way. After many long weeks *The Golden Hind* crossed the Pacific Ocean, went around the Cape of Good Hope and reached the shores of England, safe and sound. Queen Elizabeth was so delighted with all he had done, and was so willing for him to have harried the Spanish ships and towns, and to have brought home so much treasure that she came on board *The Golden*

Hind, and while Drake kneeled before her, she made him a knight, and that is why he is known as Sir Francis Drake.

A JACKSCREW SAVES THE *MAYFLOWER*

THE Pilgrims were on their way to America. There were about one hundred of them aboard the *Mayflower*, a short, thickset and stout ship that had been built to carry goods to Holland.

The Pilgrims had had a hard time of it. Twelve years before they had left England because they would not worship God in the way the king said they should.

"They shall worship God in the way the king says, or I shall harry them out of the land," declared that irate and obstinate ruler.

"Very well, we will leave the land and go elsewhere, where we can worship God in our own way," replied the congregation.

No ruler would say a thing like that now, but in those days it was different.

So they went to Holland and lived in the town of Leyden, where they had a church with John Robinson as their pastor. One can still

see the church, and the house the pastor lived in.

But some of them did not wish to become Hollanders. Said they, "If we live in Holland, our children will speak Dutch, and marry the Dutch, and forget their own language and people. Besides, it is crowded here, and we are strangers to these people, though they have been kind to us, very kind. We will call ourselves Pilgrims and wander on to America."

The Pilgrims sailed from Holland on a ship called the *Speedwell.* The Dutch were very helpful and generous, and saw them off on their voyage with many presents and farewells.

They came to Southampton in England, where another body of like-minded English were to join them in the *Mayflower*. The two ships started out to sea, but the *Speedwell* was a crazy, broken craft that sprang a leak. So both vessels went back into Dartmouth for repairs.

They started again, but again the *Speedwell* sprang a leak and the two vessels put into Plymouth. Here they saw it was useless to try the ocean with a leaky boat, so all the Pilgrims crowded on the *Mayflower*. Though winter was

coming on the brave people turned their faces to the west, and put out to sea.

John Carver was chosen governor. He was a gray haired, dignified man, who had once been a person of property, but who had spent nearly all he had for the people he was now leading. But John Carver was destined to be among those to die the first winter they spent in the new world.

Then there was Elder Brewster, and William Bradford, and also Miles Standish, who was no Puritan at all, but only a soldier who had come along to protect the colonists from the savages. There were plenty of women, maidens and children. It was a solemn and serious band, bent on a great pilgrimage. Each day they met in the cabin for prayer and service, for they were very religious, and strict in all the church regulations.

Even the grizzled captain, Miles Standish, and his wife, Rose, came in to prayers, and there were Priscilla Mullins, a merchant's daughter from London, and John Alden, already in love with each other.

The large company was crowded together in

the big cabin and bore their discomfort without murmuring. They slept as best they could on pallets on the floor, or in the bunks. Many were seasick from the tossing of the vessel, and some were terribly frightened at the great waves that came pouring over the deck when there was a storm.

When the winds blew, and the ship rocked, and the waves came aboard, Elder Brewster would raise a song, and all who were not seasick would join in. But at times it was not much of a chorus. Then Miles Standish would tell stories of his life as a soldier, and how a storm at sea was nothing compared to the noise of a big battle.

But the colonists on fair days had plenty to occupy their time. They had to do their own work of every kind. There were no servants aboard to wait on them, not at all. They had to do their own cooking and washing and cleaning up.

On deck were boxes filled with earth, on which a fire was built. Over these fires the cooking was done. When the weather was calm these boxes were ablaze with the wood which had

been stored in the hold, and bread was made for several days ahead. On such days there was hard work for men, women and children, for nobody knew how long the good weather would last, nor when the deck would be so wet with the waves that nobody could go out of the cabin, let alone cook in the earth boxes.

So the Pilgrims rose early every morning, and made up the beds, straightened out the big cabin, and ate their breakfast. Then they came together for solemn prayer and singing. After that the men brought the wood, built the fires, and did what they could to help about the ship, while the women did the cooking.

Captain Jones and his crew of thirty men had been engaged to take them across the seas. Their quarters were below the main deck and the big cabin, and their business was to run the ship. He had nothing to do with what the colonists ate or drank, or how they lived on board. He was of the opinion that no vessel had ever crossed the Atlantic with so many uncomfortable people on board.

Which might be true, as the captain said, but it was also true that no vessel had ever

crossed the Atlantic with a braver, more resolute, and a more uncomplaining lot of people than those in the *Mayflower*.

Now came a storm in mid ocean. The colonists were shut up for several days in their cabin. There was no cooking possible, and soon they were living on hard bread, and light beer. In the midst of the storm came word that the deck beam had cracked half in two, and that with a little more strain the *Mayflower* would part and all persons would be lost. The colonists were terrified and helpless.

It was a critical moment. Captain Jones stoutly declared, "We shall return to England, where we can get another beam. We cannot find one in mid ocean, nor on the other side of the Atlantic. Back we start, and we may never reach home."

But John Carver was not so easily diverted. "We cannot turn back in this storm, Captain Jones. Keep her into the wind and await the morrow, and then we will decide."

Miraculously the *Mayflower* stayed afloat. The waves subsided, the day came calm and clear, and the broken beam still held together.

Every soul on board thought the ship would part any moment.

John Carver was a man of resources. He had gone below and seen the broken beam, and thought of a way to repair it. He soundly berated the captain for not being prepared for an accident of this or any other kind.

Returning to the cabin he went among the Pilgrims and asked, "Is there a carpenter among you?"

"I am a carpenter, and I have with me the tools of my trade," answered Francis Eaton, who had come from Leyden.

"Have you a jackscrew in your possession?"

"I have, and a stout one," was the reply.

"Then come with me and Captain Jones, and we will repair this ship and sail on to America. I have no notion of going back to England."

Francis Eaton went below, where he had left his big kit of tools. He opened the box and took out the jackscrew and put it on his shoulder. The others watched him with hope and fear. If he did not know his business, or the jackscrew was not strong enough, then the *May-*

flower would probably break in two, for the deck beam was the great timber that held all together, from one end of the ship to the other.

Francis Eaton placed the jackscrew on a pile of blocks under the broken beam. Slowly the screw was turned by ready and willing hands, and the broken end of the beam was raised into position with the other portion. The two ends came together, and were in line.

"Now for boards and spikes to make everything strong and fast," he said to the crew who were helping him.

Boards and spikes were brought, and in an hour the spliced beam was almost as good as new. At least it would hold for the voyage.

"Will it hold, Captain Jones?" demanded John Carver, well assured of the answer.

"It will hold until I get a new one," was the satisfied reply.

The storm passed and the *Mayflower* went on its way to the new world. Again the colonists rejoiced in a clear day and a calm sea, and did their cooking in the earth boxes and their sewing in the cabin. Again prayers were said

and songs were sung, and the Pilgrims rejoiced that the Lord was with them.

And so it may be true that if it had not been for the jackscrew in the hands of Francis Eaton, the carpenter from Leyden, the good ship *Mayflower* may never have reached Plymouth, and we may never have had the story of Miles Standish, and Governor Bradford, or the romance of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins.

CAPTAIN KIDD, THE PIRATE

NO story of American adventure upon the seas would be complete without some account of the pirates that ran riot along the coast in the early history of our country.

For many years before the Revolution piracy was a favorite resort of those who wished to better their fortunes by preying upon the commerce of the seas. At one time it was thought there were fifteen hundred pirates along the coast, whose favorite resorts were at Cape Fear and in the Bahama Islands.

Peaceful craft crossing the ocean, or plying from harbor to harbor, were always in danger of seeing rise over the horizon a strange ship, with a black flag and a bloody crew, that would descend swiftly like a hawk upon a barnyard. Then it was a question of the fastest vessel, and the best crew, for if the pirateer once got aboard it was short work to rifle the prize, send her to the bottom, and set the crew adrift upon the high seas.

It was in 1695 that piracy was rampant in nearly every known sea. It was claimed that many of these freebooters came from America, and that in that country they were welcome to bring their booty and offer it for sale in the markets of the coast towns.

King William appointed Richard Coote, earl of Bellomont, to be governor of New York and Massachusetts.

The king sent for the governor and said to him, "Piracy in my colonies of America has become a disgrace to the kingdom. I send you to New York, my lord, because an honest and brave man is needed to put down these abuses. I shall expect to hear from you."

When Bellomont arrived he announced that he was going to put down piracy. Robert Livingston and other prominent colonists came to his aid.

"I know just the man you need for this business," said Livingston to the governor. "His name is William Kidd. He is living here in New York and knows the seas the world over. He has skill, courage and experience. Besides that he knows the haunts of those

pirates all the way from the Cape of Good Hope to the Straits of Malacca."

The governor was at once interested, and sent for Captain Kidd. He discussed the matter with him, and asked him if he would undertake the mission.

"I shall be willing to do so. I have been a seaman all my life and know all about these marauders. With a single stout ship of thirty guns I can sweep every pirate ship from the ocean."

And so the governor agreed with Captain Kidd that he was to command a vessel to seek the pirate ships and rout them out of their hiding places, and drive them off the seas.

Bellomont made the arrangement known to the king. The king referred the cost to the admiralty, who said they could not afford to pay for the ship. Besides it was not their business to fit out armed vessels for that purpose. It looked as if Kidd was not going to get his ship after all.

But the governor was resolute. "The king has ordered me to put down piracy in American waters." And he went to private parties with

a business proposition, that if a ship was built to fight the pirates, the profits from the adventure was to be divided among the owners, the captain and the crew.

The ship was built in London, equipped with thirty guns, named the *Adventure*, and Captain Kidd was placed in command. He had a commission "to seize pirate vessels wherever found, hold the contents of the ship, and deal with the crew according to law."

Captain Kidd brought his ship over to New York and found volunteers in abundance to go aboard and enlist for service against pirates in any seas and wherever encountered.

He found himself with a crew of 154 men, ready for any adventure, with plenty of ammunition and supplies and with a ship that could defy any pirate afloat. Then in January, 1697, he sailed out of the Hudson River, bound for the coast of Madagascar, at that time the favorite resort of the buccaneers.

Now the story of Captain Kidd from that time on is obscure. It is certain that he reported no fights with the pirates anywhere, and that he was gone for a year and a half before any-

thing was heard from him at all. Probably he set out with good intentions, but seeing himself with a good ship and a crew as piratical as any that could be found, he may have changed his mind and decided that he might as well be a pirate himself.

Later on he declared that there was mutiny among his men, and that when they reached Madagascar they came to him and threatened him and said they would seize the ship, throw him overboard, and elect another captain if he did not turn pirate. But no one can tell whether this was true or not.

It is believed that Kidd was a hard master, and had all the traits of a pirate captain. He was cruel to his men, and ruthless in his treatment of prisoners. At one time Kidd called one of his crew, named William Moore, to account for a small offence. The man protested and Kidd called him a dog.

"If I am a dog, you have made me so, and have set me the example," answered Moore.

Kidd in a rage seized a bucket from the deck and struck the man in the head, killing him instantly. He then ordered the others to

heave the body overboard. This they did, but they did not forget his cruelty.

There were stories that came overland of the *Adventure* coming upon small villages along the coasts in various parts of the world, and of a fierce leader of a wild crew, descending upon the inhabitants, burning their houses, robbing them of silver and gold and any treasure they might have, killing those who resisted, and sailing away leaving smoking ruins behind.

There were other stories that came from vessels that were chased for days by a big ship with heavy guns, that could have been no other than the *Adventure*, and that she bore a black flag. There could have been stories of other vessels that were overhauled, robbed of their rich cargo of silk, and gold and silver, and then sent to the bottom, but these stories were never told, for there was no one left to tell them.

It was now clear that Kidd had turned pirate, and so orders were sent out to all the governors of English colonies everywhere to arrest him if he came in sight. The hunter was now being hunted.

Over two years had passed when Kidd appeared in the West Indies in a vessel called the *Quidah Merchant*. The vessel was secure in a lagoon on the island of Saona, southeast of Haiti. Kidd took a sloop named the *San Antonio*, and with forty men started north. He sailed along Delaware Bay, the coast of Long Island, and into Oyster Bay. It seems strange that if he was a dreaded pirate he should do so daring a thing as this. He even sent word to the governor that he had arrived and wanted to know if he could have safe conduct.

The governor was evasive, but Kidd was encouraged to go on to Boston, where he landed in July, 1699. Before landing there, however, he and his men went ashore on Gardiners Island and maybe somewhere on Long Island, and buried several bales of goods and some treasure. It was believed that he had also landed at other places along the Atlantic coast and buried gold and silver in abundance.

In Boston Kidd found himself under suspicion. He was arrested and brought before the council, and was asked to give an account of himself for the past two and a half years.

He tried to do so, but his account was not satisfactory. He said his crew compelled him at the point of their guns to turn pirate. The men who were arrested with him told the story of the killing of William Moore.

"I killed the man in self defence," said he. "The story told by my men here is only half true. If I have been a pirate of my own choice, why should I come back to this place? I should still be on the seas with my ship."

But the council sent him to England for trial. Here he was arraigned, charged with piracy and murder. They could not prove that he had been a pirate, but they convicted him of the murder of Moore, for which he was hanged with nine of his men in London in May, 1701.

There are those who say that his trial was unfair and that the charges were not proven. There are those who say he was a gentleman rover, and was never a pirate at all. Still, there are those who think that for over two years he roved the seas as high-handed and bloody a pirate as ever lived. No one knows exactly what he did. And there are those also

who have searched on many islands along the coast for the golden treasure which he was supposed to have buried. And for many years in New England the people sang a song,

> My name is Captain Kidd. As I sailed
> My sinful footsteps slid;
> God's laws I did forbid,
> And so wickedly I did, as I sailed.

JOHN PAUL JONES AND THE AMERICAN FLAG

WE generally think of Paul Jones as a big and burly sea-captain, who talked loud and rough, swore at his men, and dressed and acted like a pirate. Not so. He was small of stature, soft of speech, easy in his manners, was polite and civil in conversation, and fond of society. He wore fine clothes and was famed for the neatness and daintiness of his dress. Even his buttonholes were embroidered with gold threads.

But when he was aboard his ship, and an enemy was in sight, or a battle was on, it was then he became a real soldier, daring, determined and full of fight. His eyes blazed, his voice rang over the noise of guns, he inspired his men with resolve to die rather than surrender. On shore he may have been a man of fashion, but on board his ship he was a terror to his enemy.

He was born in Scotland, and early took to the sea for a living. He drifted to America just before the Revolution, watched the events leading up to that great struggle, took part with the colonies, and offered his services in forming a navy, when the final break came with the mother country. His Scotch name was John Paul, but when he came to America he added Jones to the end of it, and he will be known for all times as John Paul Jones, or simply Paul Jones.

The infant navy of the United States was absurdly small compared to the great strength of England, but so were the land forces. However, the few cruisers we had at that time set out to destroy the British commerce, and to keep out of the way of the British warships. Jones was put in command of the sloop of war *Ranger*, of eighteen guns. He was then twenty-nine years of age. It was the very day that the permanent flag of the United States was determined upon. When Jones heard of his appointment and the adoption of the flag, he said, "The flag and I are twins, born the same hour. We cannot be parted in life or in death.

So long as we can float we will float together. If we must sink, we shall go down as one."

Three weeks later the *Ranger* was lying in the harbor of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. It was the first anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1777. The flag had been decided upon and Jones had one on his ship.

"Bring out the American flag and hoist it to the peak," he ordered his men. "This is Independence Day, and our country is one year old. Let's fly the flag."

The men responded with a cheer. The flag was brought out, raised to the topmast, and unfurled to the breeze. The men saluted and then broke into loud cheers for the new flag. The people of the town saw it floating from the *Ranger*, and they also cheered. This was the first time the Stars and Stripes had floated from a man of war.

Jones was waiting for news from the battle of Saratoga. If the British general Burgoyne surrendered, he was ordered to sail to France with the glad news. A messenger was on the way, riding day and night carrying the news that Burgoyne had surrendered, and that Jones

was to sail at once. The messenger came into Portsmouth bearing the sealed packet containing the letter to Jones. He opened it, read the news, and hastened to his ship.

"This will rejoice the hearts of the Frenchmen, and hasten their alliance with the United Colonies in this war," he joyfully said to those around him.

The *Ranger* put to sea, the men singing jolly songs, the captain himself so full of energy that he could hardly sleep. He spent only three or four hours in bed at night. He crowded on the canvas until the masts bent backward and the ship leaned heavily on her side. The men worked sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. Still there was no sickness and no accident.

They passed a Dutch ship. Jones spoke the captain and said, "Tell any British vessel you meet that Burgoyne has surrendered. They might pass the word on to King George and his friends."

On the last day he captured two British merchant vessels and carried them with him into the harbor at France. When he landed he hastened by coach to Paris to give Benjamin

Franklin the dispatches he bore. You may be sure there was great rejoicing in the French capital, for the French king was waiting for just such an event to come to the aid of the American colonies, and to make an alliance with them against the British. This treaty with the colonies was made public in February, 1778.

And now for a combined attack of the American and French ships on the British fleets, or to sail along the coast of England and divert attention from our own shores. But Jones was first desirous to have his own flag recognized as the flag of an independent nation. So he sailed the *Ranger* out to meet the French fleet and pass the compliments of the sea with his own flag proudly waving at the mast head.

He sailed at sunset into the harbor where the French fleet lay at anchor. Calling his gunners to the cannon he ordered, "Thirteen shots as a salute to the French flag."

Thirteen shots were fired in quick succession. Jones waited anxiously to see if the French admiral would return the salute. "Boom," came the reply over the waters. Then again

and again, until nine shots had been fired, the customary salute to any republic.

Jones was jubilant. It was the first time the American flag had been recognized at sea. The next morning Jones sailed a brig through the French fleet and again fired thirteen guns. He was anxious to be saluted and again the French admiral responded with nine guns.

Jones dashed to his cabin and wrote a letter to the Marine Committee: "I am happy to have it in my power to congratulate you on my having seen the American flag for the first time recognized in the fullest and amplest manner by the flag of France."

Then the French officers came on board to visit the young commander. He put on his best clothes and received them with his finest manner. They were astonished at his small size, his gentle voice and his fine clothing. But they were afterwards to find out that this dainty captain of thirty years of age could be one of the most daring sea fighters that our country has known.

RAIDING THE ENGLISH COAST

AND now Paul Jones said, "I shall take the *Ranger* along the British coast and wake up some sleepy towns."

So he headed his ship for Whitehaven, just across the bay from the place where he was born. It was the neighborhood where he had been reared, and where the people had thought him a queer sort of boy. The fact that the bay was full of enemy shipping, and but scantily fortified, suited him exactly.

In the past they had made fun of him and scorned him, but now he was coming back with an armed vessel floating the American flag. Now he would show them.

He set out on a raid in the dark hours of the night. He came near Whitehaven, and two boats dropped off in the darkness and approached the sleeping town. Day was breaking as he swept down upon the three drowsy sentinels at the fort.

"Drop your guns. You are prisoners," exclaimed Jones quietly. The sentinels rubbed their eyes and handed over their guns.

Then he entered the fort with his men, took the others prisoners, and spiked all the cannon. "Now the fort can do us no harm, nor the people either. We will proceed to set fire to the shipping," said he.

With his own hand he put the torch to the nearest ship before the sailors could resist. The blaze mounted to the sky and the people came running. By this time the boats had arrived from the *Ranger*, and the marines drew their pistols and cutlasses. Then the town people fled, thinking the whole American fleet was down upon them.

By this time it was broad daylight and the shipping was all astir with excitement. Jones ordered his men back to his own vessel, and stood pistol in hand, laughing at the terrified people who had been so suddenly aroused from their feeling of security. Instead of a general destruction of all of the shipping, only one vessel had been burned.

From Whitehaven the *Ranger* stood up the

coast along waters that Jones had known from childhood. He landed a boat at Saint Mary's, and walked up paths that he was familiar with as a child. He sent a squad of officers to the house of the Earl of Selkirk. He thought he would make the Earl a prisoner, and hold him as a hostage to be exchanged for American prisoners.

The Countess answered the door. "No, the Earl is not in. He will be absent for several days."

"We have come from the *Ranger*, a vessel commanded by Paul Jones. We will take all the silver in the house, if you please." But Jones had not ordered them to take the silver, but only to capture the Earl himself.

The Countess was amazed and terrified. She feebly protested but in vain. The officers found some sacks and put all the silver in them.

"Where is the teapot and the coffeepot?" they demanded of the Countess and the servants.

"You have taken all the silver we have. There is no teapot or coffeepot."

The officers searched the house thoroughly and found the missing articles, which they

added to their store. Having orders to harm no one, they returned to Jones and the vessel with their booty. Lady Selkirk's opinion of Jones was given in a letter to a friend in which she said, "He is as great a villain as was ever born." One could not blame her, having lost all her family plate.

Jones did not make his officers return the silver, but afterwards bought it from them, and sent it back to the Countess with a very courteous letter. Then the Countess changed her mind, and declared "Captain Jones is not such a villain after all."

The next day Jones crossed the Channel to the Irish coast. He picked up some fishermen who told him the British war sloop *Drake,* which had been anchored in the Channel as a guardship, was looking for him.

"They will have no trouble in finding me, for I am looking for them, and I am as anxious for a fight as they are," said the intrepid commander.

To save trouble and time he sailed down the Channel near Belfast and waited for the *Drake* to come out. He had no idea of running away.

What he wanted was an open sea and a fair fight.

The *Drake* came out but the captain had no idea that the ship he saw before him was the *Ranger*, because Jones kept the ship's stern toward the *Drake* so that her name could not be seen.

The *Drake* came out gallantly headed for trouble. As she approached the other boat the captain demanded, "What ship is that?"

"The American Continental war vessel *Ranger*. Come on; we are waiting for you," was the reply.

The *Drake* came on, and soon the two vessels were close together. When within range each fired a broadside into the other, Jones being a trifle the first. Then the firing became fast and furious, and the English officers began to fall, among them the captain and the first lieutenant.

Jones was delighted with the way his men handled the guns. "I never saw men handle guns better than they handled the nine-pounders of the *Ranger*," he wrote in his report of the engagement.

Holes began to appear in the hull of the British ship, just above the water line. "What are you trying to do?" Jones cried out to the gunners.

"Trying to sink her, sir," they replied.

"Don't do that. I want to take her as a prize. Raise your guns to strike the sails and destroy the rigging."

The guns were raised and the charges swept over the decks of the *Drake*. The sails began to fall and the rigging gave way to the furious cannonade. The *Drake* soon became as helpless as a log on the water, and the sails and rigging covered the men on the deck.

"Now lower your guns and sweep the decks clear of the men," thundered Jones.

The guns were lowered a trifle and the gunners raked the decks of the helpless enemy fore and aft. The *Drake* could endure no more. Her only remaining officer, a second lieutenent, lowered her colors in token of surrender.

The fight had lasted about one hour, and the *Ranger* was practically unhurt. Jones went on board his prize. The dying captain was conscious of what had happened, but died a few

minutes after Jones came on board. The first lieutenant followed his captain later. Jones then ordered a funeral at sea and buried both men with the honor due to their rank. He also wrote a kind letter to the family of the lieutenant.

The *Ranger* had lost only two killed, and but seven others were wounded. Among the English killed was an army officer in full uniform who came on board to see the sport. In the *Drake's* hull were 107 holes, some of them piercing the ship through and through.

In a short while the *Drake* was put in sailing order and Jones started with her under his own crew, as a prize, into French waters. His first act was to put the fishermen ashore, whom he had picked up and kept on board during the fight. They had been frightened enough, but now they were again in a small boat headed for shore they broke into loud cheers for "Commander Jones and the *Ranger*."

The *Ranger* and her prize came down the west coast of Ireland, and headed for the French harbor of Brest. It was dark and the ship was hailed by a French frigate. "What ship is that?"

The sonorous and proud voice of Paul Jones responded, "The American Continental ship *Ranger* of eighteen guns, Captain Paul Jones in command. The prize is His Brittanic Majesty's late ship the *Drake* of twenty guns."

Then the French frigate responded with loud huzzahs and congratulations. And that is the story of the first battle of the war in which a regular British warship was captured by an American vessel.

THE BATTLE IN THE MOONLIGHT

NEARLY a year passed in France before Jones was given another command. The *Ranger* had been sent back to America as a supply ship and our hero was fretting over his inactivity, though he took part in the society of the French capital. He preferred, however, the roll of a ship under his feet, and the salt air in his face, rather than feel the smoothness of a ballroom floor and inhale the perfume of a lady's handkerchief.

After nine months' waiting an old armed transport ship was given him, almost worn out with twelve years' service. He was not particular, however, and went to work to fit her for hard work at sea. He gave her new guns, spars and rigging, and named her *Bon Homme Richard.* This was done in compliment to Benjamin Franklin, whose almanac was known as *Poor Richard's Almanac,* and who was very popular in France at the time.

The crew was almost as bad as the ship, being made up of sailors of all nations, some exchanged prisoners, some soldiers who had never been to sea, and even some Englishmen who were willing to fight anybody for a day's wage. It was a Noah's Ark of nationalities, for every kind was represented.

Jones spent his time hammering his crew into shape. He taught them to know French orders when they heard them spoken, how to knot a rope, climb a rigging, furl a sail, load and fire a gun. It took him the better part of two months to make sailors and soldiers out of the motley crew from which he had to choose his men.

In the meantime six other vessels were being made ready to form a sort of fleet of which Paul Jones was to be the admiral, or commander as it were. But nearly all of these ships were commanded by incapable officers, jealous of Jones and of one another, so that in the long run they did not figure much in the events that followed. Some of them deserted and went back to France, and the few that were left were of no service to Jones when it came to a great battle.

The squadron sailed to the coast of Scotland, and frightened the people of Edinburgh out of their senses. The whole country was aroused by the news and the British ships were on the lookout for the raiding fleet. Jones ordered his few vessels to sail down the Channel, and to meet at Flamborough Head, which juts far out of the east coast of England. He followed with his own vessel.

On a quiet afternoon the lookout saw a large fleet of British merchant ships coming from the Baltic. As soon as they caught sight of the warship of an enemy they fled, leaving a heavy ship of war which was convoying them, to engage the *Bon Homme Richard.* Jones made for the large ship and drove the *Bon Homme Richard* between her and the land. A battle was now inevitable, and the heart of the young commander beat high with joy.

The evening was clear and tranquil. The ships were not far from shore, and crowds came down from the town of Scarborough to see the battle. They lined the hills, and were shouting exultingly, as they expected to see the

British ship sink the American vessel in short order.

The moon rose over the ocean. Through their telescopes the American officers made out the British vessel to be the *Serapis* of forty-four guns, but actually carrying fifty. She was a new ship, her yellow side and brasses shining in the moonlight. On the American side there was silence and awe, many of the crew having never seen a British warship before. On the British side there was a like silence.

The English captain, Pearson, raised his glasses and looked long and earnestly at his slowly approaching antagonist.

"It is probably Paul Jones. If so, there is work ahead of us and plenty of it."

Jones sent his men to their positions. The gunners stood by their batteries, the marksmen took their places, the surgeon laid out his instruments and bandages.

The *Serapis* was now in calling distance. "What ship is that?" was her inquiry over the water.

"We can't hear what you say," was the derisive answer from the American.

"Answer at once or we will fire upon you."

"Go ahead and fire, that's what we are here for."

The last entry in the log of the *Serapis* reads: "Ships now fairly abeam, a cable length apart. Sea smooth, moon full, sky clear, time 7:15 P.M. We hail a second time, the enemy answers with broadside."

The battle now began furiously. Broadside after broadside was poured from each ship into the other, dense clouds of smoke arose which could be seen far inland. Two guns of the *Bon Homme Richard* burst on the lower deck, killing the gun crew. The British ship swept the American decks with a murderous fire, silencing some of the guns. The marines began to waver as they saw their companions fall.

"Frenchmen, will you give way under the eyes of the Americans and English?" shouted Jones.

He seized a musket from the nearest man and mounting the rail, discharged it at the enemy. He discharged six other guns as fast as they could be handed to him. The marines

rallied with a cheer and thereafter held their places. Their quick and accurate fire repeatedly swept the enemy's deck clear, and silenced the guns by slaying the gunners at their posts.

The moon rose higher and higher. The *Serapis* tried to cross the *Richard's* bows, but the wind was against her, and the men who tried to handle the sails fell victims to the deadly fire of the marines.

Both ships were on fire, and the *Richard* was leaking badly, with three feet of water in her hold. It was now evident to Jones what he must do. His ship was listing to one side, her cannon were almost gone and most of the gunners were dead or wounded.

He hurried to the deck of one of his officers. "Dale, they are too heavy for us, and are hammering us to pieces. We must grapple with them and board them. Bring your men to the spar-deck and give them small arms, and for heaven's sake hurry!"

The *Richard* manœuvered slowly. As she passed the nose of the *Serapis* the flukes of that ship's anchor caught in the stays of her antagonist. The two settled side by side and

tore at each other's vitals. It was now a hand to hand contest, with pistol, cutlass and grenade.

A shot brought down the flagstaff of the *Richard* and her ensign trailed in the water astern. One of the gunners yelled out, "The *Richard* is sinking, why not ask for quarter? We shall all be drowned."

The cry went through the *Serapis* that the *Richard* had surrendered. Captain Pearson came to the rail and demanded, "Do I understand that you have surrendered?"

The defiant answer came back from Jones's own lips, "No, I am just now beginning to fight."

The battle was renewed with doubled fury. Jones's officers told him that his ship could not hold out much longer and advised him to lower his colors.

"Surrender? Never! A victory over the *Serapis* is eternal glory. Surrender means hanging at a yardarm as a pirate."

The officers stood by their duty and ordered the men to fire as fast as they could. The English tried to board the American vessel but Jones seized a pike and led the charge that

drove them back to their own vessel. Then the men from the *Richard* swarmed over the rail, and the deck of the *Serapis* was red with the blood of friend and foe.

The enemy's main hatch was open. Jones ordered one of his men to lie out on the yard-arm of the maintop and drop a grenade into it. After several attempts a grenade was dropped into the hatch. It blew up more than fifty cannon cartridges and wrecked the hatchway and the starboard arms. More than fifty men were wounded or killed. At the same time the mainmast of the *Serapis* fell overboard, and she was a helpless victim to the sailors who swarmed aboard her.

Captain Pearson with his own hand hauled down his colors in token of surrender. The firing ceased, the flames of both vessels were extinguished, and Captain Pearson with his lieutenant went on board the *Richard* and handed their swords to Paul Jones.

Jones received their swords and remarked, "You have made a heroic fight. I hope your sovereign will reward you suitably."

It was midnight now. The battle had raged

for four hours. The crowds dispersed, went to their homes, and quiet reigned over the waters.

The next morning the *Richard* had sunk so low in the water that there was no hope of saving her. From the deck of the *Serapis* Jones and his men saw the gallant ship go down head foremost, with all sails set, still bearing the beautiful ensign she so gallantly wore when she was in action.

Sometime afterwards King George made a knight of Captain Pearson for his bravery in this battle. When Paul Jones heard of it he smilingly remarked, "Well, he deserves it, for he is a brave man, and if I ever fall in with him again I will see that the king makes a lord of him afterwards."

CAPTAIN TUCKER TAKES JOHN ADAMS TO FRANCE

SAMUEL Tucker was twenty-nine years old, and was made captain of a war frigate named *Boston*. It was during the Revolution when our navy was small, and that of England large and powerful. It required courage and skill to get by a force so vigilant and so formidable. But Captain Tucker was one of our commanders who had both courage and skill, as we shall see.

He received orders to convey John Adams to France. Adams was one of our commissioners to that country. He afterwards became president of the United States. Therefore you may know that Captain Tucker felt his responsibility in having so important a personage in his charge.

He set about supplying the *Boston* with spars, canvas and equipment, with special reference to swift sailing. His purpose was to get to France, and not so much to fight the British ships. But he did both.

In February, 1778, Captain Tucker weighed anchor at Nantucket Roads and put out to sea. On board were John Adams, and his young son, John Quincy Adams. In his log book that night Tucker wrote, "Pray God conduct me safe to France, and send me a prosperous cruise."

Two days after sailing he saw three ships belonging to the enemy. Tucker sailed his frigate in such a way as to lose the smaller ship, but the other two pursued him. Night coming on, another one was lost in the darkness. In the morning only one vessel was on the chase after the *Boston*.

"What would you do if you could not escape and the three vessels had attacked you?" asked Adams.

"I would attack the first one, far in advance of the others, by grappling and boarding her. Then I would force the seamen on her to join me. Then we would have two ships against two, and the odds would be even," replied Tucker.

"Suppose the seamen would not join you?"

"They are probably impressed men, and

not volunteers, and they would fight as soon for us as for England. That is the way with impressed men. They fight anything, regardless of the flag above them."

Captain Tucker still kept away from the pursuing enemy, hoping to outrun him. A violent storm came on. The sails were taken in, and everything made ready to meet the gale.

At midnight the tempest became furious. The winds blew hard, the rain fell, and the mainmast was struck by lightning. Three men were wounded and others were knocked down by the shock. Captain Tucker had to turn his attention away from his enemy to defend his ship from the elements. The *Boston* was tossed upon the sea like a cork, driven by the winds far off her course.

"Perhaps this is the hand of God stretched out to shield us from the pursuit of our enemy," remarked Adams sturdily and confidently.

The storm lasted three days, doing much damage to the *Boston,* but it separated her from the vessel in pursuit. When the weather moderated they repaired the sails and rigging,

got up a new maintopmast, strengthened the mainmast, and exercised the marines in guns and small arms.

"We are as good as new," said Tucker. "We have left the enemy, blown away by the storm, and will now go to France."

But Captain Tucker had other adventures before he saw the shores of the old country.

After three weeks' sailing a distant ship appeared to the south-east. It was discovered by the lookout, who cried, "Armed vessel to the starboard."

This time the captain decided to give battle, for he was tired of running away. He gave orders to prepare the ship for action, and boldly sailed up to the enemy. The drum beat "to arms," the guns were made ready, and the battle was about to be joined. The sea was calm, and the two vessels stood within hailing distance.

The British ship flaunted the Union Jack and Captain Tucker made out that her name was *Martha*, and that she was an armed vessel. He could not escape a battle now if he wanted to, and was not in the humor to run away

from a fight where there was a chance of taking a prize vessel.

John Adams himself seized a musket and joining the marines stood by a gun ready for action. "If there is going to be a battle, I am not the one to be below while it is going on," said he.

Captain Tucker stepped up to him, and touching him on the arm said, "Mr. Adams, you are not engaged as a marine. You are a passenger on this frigate and I have instructions to deliver you safe in France. You must go below."

Adams demurred, and said he could not be below where he was safe, and leave the others to fight the enemy. "I would be ashamed to do such a thing."

"You must go below sir, at once. Time presses and I cannot stop for words. You will go at once or I shall have you carried by the marines."

Adams saw the determined look in the face of the young captain, and smilingly laid down his musket. He saw it was useless to argue.

"Very well, but understand I am as willing to fight as anyone," said he.

"I know that, but my business is to see you in France, and not to have you shot to pieces on the deck of the *Boston*."

Adams went below, taking his young son with him, and Tucker turned his attention to other matters.

By this time the frigate was in position for battle. The guns were loaded, the marines at their posts, and the matches were smoking, ready to fire. The *Boston* had secured a favorable position and the *Martha* was in danger. The men looked for the order to fire but no order came, to their surprise and disappointment.

"What is the matter?" they asked. "Our captain is losing valuable time."

"Hold on, men. I wish to save that egg without breaking the shell," said Tucker, by which he meant to capture the ship rather than to sink her.

The *Martha* was almost at the mercy of the *Boston*. She was an armed ship, but not equal to her antagonist. Her captain fired a broadside into the *Boston*, which shivered a piece of the mizzen mast. In falling the piece struck Tucker in the head, knocking him down.

He was stunned for a moment, but quickly recovered himself. The enemy fired again, and the *Boston* returned with a broadside that tore through the sails and rigging of her enemy. The *Martha* then fired a feeble gun. Seeing the *Boston* ready to send another deadly discharge, the captain of the *Martha* hauled down his colors in token of surrender. The battle was over in a few minutes and the prize ship *Martha,* with her valuable cargo was in the hands of the American commander.

Putting a crew on board the captured ship, and taking the prisoners on his own, Captain Tucker sent the *Martha* on as a prize to Boston, while he pursued his way unmolested to the shores of France.

The fate of the *Martha* is uncertain. It is said that on the voyage to Boston she was retaken by the British cruisers. Another account says she was again recaptured by the Continental cruisers and finally arrived in Boston. But there is no satisfactory evidence of either event.

After a voyage of forty-two days the *Boston* came to anchor at Bordeaux. The American

warship was a curiosity in those waters. Crowds of people came to visit her, and morning and evening parties of ladies and gentlemen came on board. Captain Tucker received them all courteously, but remarked, "One would think these people never saw a ship before."

It was true they had never seen an American war vessel in their harbor and the arrival of the *Boston* was an event.

John Adams and his son, both of whom afterwards became presidents of the United States, left the vessel at Bordeaux and went to Paris. Captain Tucker had followed orders and delivered them safe in France.

ABOARD A SLAVE SHIP

IN the early history of our country there was no law against the holding of negro slaves, and the traffic in slavery was very profitable. The rich merchants of the cities wanted negroes for house servants, and the farmers wanted them for farm hands, and Africa was the only source of supply.

In fact the slave trade was recognized in Europe as a good business. Many were the sturdy sailing ships from the good old mother country that scouted the African coasts for a dusky cargo that was bought for a song and brought over to the American colonies and sold for a fortune. Yes, it was a paying business.

A slave ship would often sail up the coast where there were a few scattered African villages. The sailors would row ashore in small boats and armed with gun and sword, these slave hunters would pounce upon men and women, capture them in their huts, or pursue

them into the forests, until enough for a cargo were caught. Then they were bound and hustled on board the slave ship.

Sometimes in tribal wars the captives would be held in corrals until a slave ship came along. Then the captain of the ship would buy these captives for a few dollars worth of ammunition, or gaudy cloth, or beads, or a few barrels of rum, and another cargo of unhappy negroes would be procured.

Indeed there became stations on the African coast where captured negroes were held ready for sale. The negro hunters of their own kind, lured by the merchandise of the slave dealers, or for pay in shining dollars, stole into the depths of the forest and caught many a negro boy or girl alone in the woods, or made a sortie by night into a small village and carried off the inhabitants.

The captives were then penned up until a slave ship came by and bought the unhappy victims for the American market.

Thus the slaves were procured. Half naked, with painted bodies, thick lips, flat noses, some of them dull black and others shining as if they

were polished, strong, active, and young, they stood huddled in stupid amazement at the big ship toward which they were being taken.

They had no idea of what slavery meant. They knew nothing of ships, or the sea, or any land beyond their own little territory. Their language consisted of a few hundred simple words. Skins and bark furnished them clothing and shelter. The forest, the field, and the stream gave them sufficient food. Their lives had been given over to warfare with their neighbors, to hunting in the jungles, and to planting in the fields. They were a pitiful and helpless people.

They were stupid, stolid and fearful, accustomed to heat and hardship. The fevers of the swamps had no terrors for them. The tropical heat had no effect upon their black skins and their thick skulls. Their stupid minds had no notion of revolt. It seemed that nature had fitted them for slavery, and they offered no resistance and showed no resentment.

The slavers were rough and oftentimes cruel men. Their idea was to crowd the holds of the ship with as many negroes as they could carry,

and lose as few on the voyage as they could, and so came the order, "Drive those niggers on board, just as many as you can, and stow 'em away wherever there's room."

The wild-eyed negroes, bound by ropes to one another and not understanding what it was all about, walked up a plank and onto the deck of the slaver. Then they were driven down to a lower deck, and each one given enough room to lie down in and no more. There was no chance to walk about, and but little space to stretch cramped limbs. In case of disorder there was always the lash of the guard that cut cruelly across the naked flesh.

And so they were arranged for the voyage across the Atlantic, with water and food to keep them alive. Perhaps it was mid-summer, and the weather was hot. Perhaps there was no wind, and the ship was becalmed. The poor creatures suffered terribly from the intense heat and discomfort. They moaned and tossed, and cried out in their strange language. They beat their heads together and tried to lay hold of one another. But there was always

the guard to threaten them, and the lash to keep them in order.

The ship sailed on slowly when there was wind, bound for the American coast. The captain thought only of the profit to be made out of his cargo, and but little of the creatures huddled below. He prayed for wind to drive him on, for he knew a market awaited him. He did not want to lose any of the negroes, for that meant loss to the ship owner or to himself.

But there were those who died. Overcome by heat, by the torment of their close quarters, or by disease, they died as they lay or stood in their places. Then their reeking bodies were thrown overboard for the sharks to devour.

Weeks passed as the slaver crept over the ocean. The winds came and went. Some days the vessels bounded forward under the bulging sails, and rocked with the rolling waves. The cargo might be seasick and howling below, but the slaver kept on his course. Some days there was no wind and the reek and the sweat of the dirty negroes made an intolerable stench coming up from below. The dead were hastily

disposed of, and the slaver kept on with those left alive.

The slave ship might belong to any nation, or might come from any port in America. It was a paying business and slaves were bought all along the Atlantic coast. So all parts of the country were engaged in the inhuman traffic. Hundreds of thousands of negroes were brought over from the African forests and villages, and the black horde dumped down to the buyers in the colonial towns.

The slave trade was entirely respectable in those days, especially in New England. The profits built many a home for the owners of the vessels, helped support the preachers, and provided many comforts unknown before. There was no voice raised against the traffic so long as slave labor did not come into competition with free labor.

When the slave ship arrived in port the half dead cargo was taken out and prepared for the eager market. The weary and frightened negroes were fed and watered, cleaned and rested, so that they would make a good appearance. Then the slave dealers came and the

bargaining began, either on the auction block or in the slave market, or by the ship side. A negro that cost ten dollars on the African coast, might bring a hundred dollars in the colonial market. Families might be sold as such, or they might be separated, never to see one another again.

In New England they were bought for house servants, gardeners, workmen. In the South they were bought for field hands in the rice, sugar and cotton plantations. Many of them found good homes and kind masters. Some found cruel masters and harsh treatment. Generally their life in America was better than it was in their own jungles, but sometimes it was worse. After all, they were no longer free but were slaves, the property of their masters.

The slaves soon learned the English language, took kindly to hard labor, loved the outdoor life, were satisfied with the simple food, and were content with whatever fate befell them.

Slavery was gradually abolished in the northern and western states. In 1800 the slave ships were forbidden by law to come to American ports. Slavery gradually drifted south, where

negroes were needed for the cotton fields, especially after the invention of the cotton gin. It took the great Civil War and the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln to abolish the holding of slaves in any part of the Union.

It has been more than a hundred years since the slave ships crept up to the Guinea coast of Africa and sailed away with their unhappy cargo. But we can never forget those slow sailing craft bringing their human freight into the ports of the Atlantic seaboard to be disposed of to whomever would buy, and finally to add a considerable part to our present population.

DECATUR BURNS THE *PHILADELPHIA*

THE Moorish pirates of the Barbary Coast had been preying for years on passing commerce in the Mediterranean. The smaller nations had to pay tribute to these pirates to insure protection to their vessels. The United States had to do likewise, when it was a small nation with a weak navy, in the year 1800.

The Barbary raiders became very insolent, demanding more tribute, or complaining that payment was late. When Captain Bainbridge carried the tribute money to Algiers the pirate commander made him pull down his flag and run up that of Algiers.

Bainbridge could not help himself, but hotly declared, "I do this because I am at your mercy, but the next time I hope to deliver this tribute from the mouth of a cannon."

War followed soon after, which was very much to the taste of our young nation. We

were indignant at the insults of the Moors, and anxious to teach them a lesson.

Captain Bainbridge of the *Philadelphia* was cruising off Tripoli looking for enemy craft. He saw a vessel to windward standing in for the harbor, and sail was made to cut her off. The chase continued for several hours, but the pirate ship was too swift to be overtaken and Bainbridge gave up the pursuit.

But to the alarm of the crew the water under the vessel grew less and less, and before she could be turned, she struck on a reef with such force that she ran on to it five or six feet and stuck fast.

Here was a terrible situation. No assistance was at hand for protection. The enemy was near by. The gunboats would be down on them as soon as their plight was known. The ship was lightened with all speed. Guns were thrown overboard, anchors were cut loose, water casks were emptied, and all heavy articles thrown into the sea. All in vain. The *Philadelphia* was hopelessly stuck.

Down swooped the gunboats, firing as they came. Seeing it was all up with his own ship

Captain Bainbridge thundered out his last orders.

"Drown the magazines, bore holes in the bottom and sink the ship. The pirates are upon us."

But the Moors came quickly, and Bainbridge made signs of surrender. Three hundred and fifteen men were made prisoners, and the pirate capital was ablaze with joy that night.

The *Philadelphia* did not sink. During a high wind the Moors got her off the reef, stopped her leaks, raised her guns from the sea, and brought her near to the city, intending to fit her for a war vessel of their own. But events show that their plans were not so be carried out. The American fleet was yet to be reckoned with.

Some weeks later, on a mild evening, with a light wind and a smooth sea, there glided into the harbor of Tripoli a small two masted-vessel, with all sails set, going very slowly, as if feeling her way along. The broad bay was before her, lighted by a young moon half way up the sky. Far inland could be seen the masts and hull of a vessel, with sails furled, lying in the harbor.

All was peace and quiet as the little vessel glided on, moving slowly in the direction of the large vessel.

The little vessel or ketch—which was its proper name—moved at a snail's pace. The hours passed, the moon rose, the night grew older, but the ketch did not seem to be in a hurry. The wind fell, the midnight hour came, the harbor and the town slept. Nothing seemed to move save the gliding ketch.

But a close view of the ketch would have aroused suspicion to a wakeful eye. From the water only ten or twelve men could be seen, but on the decks one could see crowds of men lying behind the bulwarks and armed to their teeth. Behind, the vessel seemed to be dragging many objects in the water, such as buckets, spars, and other drags to impede her progress. It seemed that she carried far more than her crew, and was trying to go slowly, for all her innocent and harmless appearance.

But the Moors were not suspicious and as the night wore on the ketch drew nearer and nearer to the large vessel toward which she was making her way.

The eastern entrance of the bay was reached, and the moon was now dipping into the horizon. Soon it would be dark, with only the stars for light. The ketch slipped through the passage like a ghost, for all the world as some belated coasting vessel seeking late anchorage.

The slow moving ketch kept on its course, nearer and nearer the big ship. It became plainly visible at last. It was no Moorish craft, but was the great hull and lofty masts of the *Philadelphia* toward which the little two masted ketch was slowly drifting.

"Steady, men! Steady!" came a low order in good English from the bow of the ketch. "Keep her to the wind that she may drift alongside."

A half hour passed and the ketch was close by and steering directly for the big vessel. The sentry became alarmed for fear of a collision and called out in the Tripolitan language,

"Have a care, there! What craft is that?"

"The *Mastico*, from Malta," came back the answer in the same language.

"Well, keep off. Do you want to foul us with your bungling ways?" was the gruff reply.

"Let us ride by your side tonight. We have lost our anchor in a gale," came from the ketch.

The two vessels came side by side. A boat was lowered from the ketch and rowed toward the frigate with a line to make fast for the night. The Moorish sailors seemed willing enough to lend a hand, for they thought they were dealing with some coaster of their own people.

The ketch was now fast to the frigate, tied by lines fore and aft. She drew nearer and nearer until their sides touched. Then suddenly a Moorish officer cried out,

"There are your anchors. I see them. What lie is this you tell me? Here, cast off and begone."

Then came a cry from all the men of the ketch who sprang up. "Out with the grappling irons, and board her."

Concealment was no longer necessary. The ketch was full of American sailors, who were after the *Philadelphia*, to retake her or to burn her. They swarmed, cutlass in hand, over the rail, with muffled cries, and fell upon the frightened Moors who jumped overboard and swam for their lives. Some were killed before

they could escape, but for the most part the harbor was their refuge from good American cutlasses. In ten minutes the decks of the *Philadelphia* were clear, and she was again in the hands of her old masters.

It was Stephen Decatur and seventy-five picked men who had volunteered to do the deed, and so far he had succeeded beyond his expectations.

And what to do with his prize. To carry her off was plainly impossible. At any minute the swimmers would reach the shore, sound the alarm, and gunboats would be speeding across the bar.

"Fire her in every place! Burn her to the water!" ordered Decatur, and the men hurried with pitch and wood to set fire to her in a dozen places. The smoke rose rapidly, the flames appeared at the hatches and the sailors clambered aboard the ketch and cast off to watch the mounting fire.

The town awoke as the burning ship lit up the bay. It was a beautiful sight to the eyes of the Americans, and they cheered lustily as they saw the flames mounting the rigging and

knew the ship was doomed. With a fresh breeze behind them, the crew of the little ketch spread their sails and fled down the bay, leaving the enraged Moors astonished and chagrined at this most daring exploit of our young navy.

THE SHIP THAT WAS A NAVY

DURING the time that England was engaged in her wars with Napoleon, she declared her right to stop American vessels on the high seas, and search them for sailors who had deserted the British service and joined the American merchant marine. It was asserted that England did not stop at seizing her own subjects, but would impress those who were really American citizens. The United States resented this action, and the War of 1812 between England and our country was the result.

We were practically without warships, while England was easily the mistress of the seas. But we shall see that we gave a good account of ourselves.

Our one big vessel was the *Constitution*, commanded by Captain Isaac Hull. She was cruising beautifully up and down the Atlantic Coast on a kind of patrol, looking for any enemy craft that came her way. She was a sailing vessel only, but her beams were strong

and her men were brave. Her sailors were in a bad humor, for a few months before they had to run from a squadron of British ships, and running was not much to their liking. They were spoiling for a fight with some vessel, and the fight was not far off.

August, 19th, gave them the chance they were looking for. Over the smiling sea along the coast of Nova Scotia a war vessel pushed its nose. She came straight for the *Constitution*, the Union Jack of the British navy floating from her masthead.

As she came nearer, an old sailor on board said, "That's the *Guerriere*, one of the finest ships in the British navy."

Captain Hull looked through his glasses at the arrogant craft, full rigged and defiant, and remarked:

"She has been looking in at several of our ports and inviting our vessels out for a combat. Now she has found one who will take up her challenge."

Captain Hull had no idea of sailing away, even if he were facing the finest ship in the British navy.

The *Guerriere* backed her main topsail and waited. It was a signal that she was ready for a fight. The answer came back from the *Constitution* that she could have all the fight she wanted, and that before long.

Hull's voice rang clear and strong, "Clear the deck for action. We will engage the *Guerriere* at once."

The sailors gave a cheer, and the gun crew jumped to their places. Ammunition lockers were opened, gunswabs were put in their places, sailors spread the sails, the decks were cleared, and the *Constitution* like a great bird swooped down head forward toward the British ship.

The *Guerrierre,* commanded by Captain Dacres, tried to veer around, so as to give the *Constitution* a raking along the decks and through the rigging. But Hull was too wary for that, and the movement failed. The *Guerriere* flung out her topsail and came down on the wind, firing as she came.

Hull held his fire. A messenger ran screaming from below, crying, "Several gunners are killed. Shall we fire?"

"No, hold your fire until I tell you."

On came the *Guerriere,* like a great hawk, with talons of fire tearing at the vitals of her foe. Another raking blast and more men fell on the decks of the American vessel. Another frantic call for orders, but Hull, calm and watchful, said,

"Not yet; hold your fire. I will let you know when it is time to answer."

The *Guerriere,* emboldened by the silence of her enemy, came close alongside, her great hull looming black and defiant. Then Hull knew she was in range of his deadly guns, and called down,

"Fire every broadside, and repeat as fast as you can."

The men loosed their deadly guns. Now they realized the strategy of their commander, at whom a moment before they were hurling their abuse for his delay.

A sheet of flame leaped from the sides of the *Constitution,* carrying iron with it that sank deep into the heart of the British ship. The swabbers were quick with their water and swabs; the runners came with powder and shell; the rammers sent the charges home; the fuses

were placed, the lines were pulled, and boom! another great flash and another great gap in the sides of the enemy ship.

The *Guerriere* was returning the fire. It was blood and agony and death on both sides. Broadside after broadside, cruel, merciless, unrelenting. Men dying at their guns and others taking their places, without a moment's loss of time. Surgeons at work down below, and wounded men groaning in their pain. It was a frightful battle between brave men on both sides.

The battle moved swiftly. The *Guerriere's* mizzenmast went by the board at the opening broadside of her opponent. The *Constitution's* decks were swept by a hail of iron. The next round of the *Constitution's* fire opened gashes in the sails and snapped the ropes of her enemy. The *Guerriere* was wallowing in the wind, almost unmanageable.

The Americans grappled to board her. The marines leaped over the rails, but were met with pistol and cutlass. Hull ordered, "More broadsides," and again the deadly fire was poured into the *Guerriere*, now almost a wreck.

In a few minutes more the mainmast of the *Guerriere* went down, cluttering up the deck. Her foremast caved in, her guns were useless, her flag was lowered, and the firing ceased.

The engagement had lasted just thirty minutes.

Captain Dacres came on board the *Constitution* and offered his sword to Captain Hull in token of surrender. He and Captain Hull were old friends in peace time, and Hull handed him back his sword with smiling and friendly courtesy.

"No, Dacres, keep your sword. I hope you may wear it again on some man-of-war," and the friends shook hands.

The *Guerriere* was a hopeless wreck. The next day she was set afire, her crew from the rails of the *Constitution* watching her disappear below the water.

Wild excitement swept over the United States at this victory over the British warship. Hull had lifted the despised American navy and nation into the notice of the world. We were henceforth to be reckoned with on the sea. England was as mortified as we were elated. For thirty years that great nation had not lost

a frigate in equal conflict, and when the fate of the *Guerriere* was known in England there came an explosion of rage and humiliation that she had never known before.

From that time the *Constitution* was called *Old Ironsides*. She had another fight with a British vessel, *Java*, off the coast of Brazil, in December of the same year, which lasted two hours, before the *Java* surrendered. Then the *Constitution* became a veteran and was retired with honors.

Other vessels have come and gone, the sailing ship has been supplanted by the ironclad, battles have been fought and won, but the *Constitution* got in on the ground floor of glory. She will ever be dear to the American heart for setting the pace for victory wherever the American flag must stand for protection of the honor of the republic.

Over a hundred years have passed, but *Old Ironsides* still swings at her moorings in Boston navy yard. She still reminds us of the time when our nation was young, and when she sailed so gloriously with wind and tide, probably feeling that she was the ship that was a navy.

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP

WHEN Stephen Decatur undertook to burn the *Philadelphia* in the harbor of Tripoli, his second in command was a young lieutenant, James Lawrence, then twenty years old. Lawrence had shown courage and skill in charge of a gunboat, and was as daring a young officer as any in the service of the American navy.

When he was thirty years old and the War of 1812 was in full progress, he was captain of the *Hornet* and was cruising along the coasts of Brazil. Inside the harbor of San Salvador was a British man-of-war. Lawrence appeared outside and roared a challenge for the enemy to come out and meet him at sea and have a battle. For two weeks he stayed ready for action, but for some reason the British ship did not come out. Then a large battleship of the line appeared, too large for Lawrence to engage alone, and he withdrew, knowing both vessels were too much for his single ship.

A few weeks later the *Hornet* came across another British ship called the *Peacock*. A challenge was given and accepted, and both vessels prepared for action.

Broadsides were exchanged at short range. The fire of the American gunners was so deadly and so accurate that the British ship was disabled in fifteen minutes. She surrendered and so quickly did she sink that several of her crew were drowned before they could be rescued. The *Peacock* lost her captain and one third of her crew, while the *Hornet* had only one man killed and two wounded.

Of course this victory mortified the British very much, but it was received with joy by the Americans.

Captain Lawrence now sailed for home, carrying his prisoners with him. When they arrived in New York the British officers of the *Peacock* published a card in the papers thanking Captain Lawrence and his crew for the courteous way they had been treated after the battle.

Lawrence was now sent to Boston to take command of the frigate *Chesapeake*. He found affairs in a bad shape. The ship had been un-

lucky in her engagements and sailors were slow to enlist. There were disputes about prize money, and the crew was almost in mutiny. The officers were new and some of them just promoted to their positions. Altogether the *Chesapeake* was in poor condition for active warfare.

However Lawrence went to work to get his ship ready for service, for he knew that any hour he might be called upon to leave the harbor of Boston to meet some enemy.

Outside, the British ship *Shannon*, under Captain Blake, was cruising at the mouth of the harbor. Every now and then she would signal a challenge for the *Chesapeake* to come out and engage in battle.

The *Shannon* was in splendid condition. Captain Blake had drilled his crew in gun practice until they were excellent marksmen. They were such good seamen that it was said, "They were as pleasant to command as they were dangerous to meet."

It was his custom to train the crew to fire at targets twice a week. To every gunner that hit his target he gave a pound of tobacco. He

would often have a cork thrown overboard, and then suddenly order some gun to be manned and the cork to be sunk. It was complained that he wasted too much ammunition in time of peace. To this he replied,

"It is better to lose powder and shell in time of peace than a ship in time of war." Which, after all, is good advice.

Thus we see the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* were about equal in size and armament, but one with a raw and inexperienced crew, and a new commander, and new officers, and the other with a thoroughly trained crew under officers they had served for several years.

Early in the morning of June 1, 1813, Captain Blake sent in to Captain Lawrence by an American prisoner a letter challenging him to come out. The letter was very courteous, manly, and candid, just such a letter as one would expect from one brave commander to another. Lawrence never received the letter, for already he had weighed anchor and was sailing out of the harbor to meet the *Shannon,* now in full view in the offing.

Thirty miles out of Boston, and late in the

afternoon, the two vessels came together. Both began manœuvering for position, until at length they came within fifty yards of each other. The gun captain of the *Shannon* had been ordered to hold his fire until his aim was directly upon the forward main deck of his opponent. A few minutes before six o'clock he fired. Then other guns followed, and the *Chesapeake* answered with a broadside from all her guns.

The action then became general. Every gun on both sides opened, the commanders trying to keep their vessels in position of greatest advantage. The *Chesapeake's* broadsides were doing great damage, but she was suffering more than the *Shannon*. The men in the *Shannon's* top could hardly see the deck of their enemy for the clouds of smoke, mixed with splinters, sails, rigging, hammocks, and wreck that were flying about. Man after man was cut down at the wheel, guns were dismantled, and the decks of both vessels were covered with dead or wounded men.

In those days conflicts at sea were fought at close range, the opposing vessels lying alongside, and waiting to see which could disable or

sink the other. Nowadays sea fights are at long range, the vessels miles distant from each other. In each instance, however, the accuracy of the gunfire and the steadiness of the men largely determine the result of the engagement.

Ten minutes of furious fire on both sides passed, both ships and crews suffering severely. On the *Shannon's* deck not the least disorder or panic appeared. Blake had commanded them for seven years and he knew that they could stand fire. On the *Chesapeake's* deck there was confusion and disorder. The raw seamen were in a panic, and though they fought bravely for awhile yet they fought wildly. Lawrence had been in command of them for only a few days, and he did not know whether they could stand fire or not.

Captain Blake saw through the smoke and carnage that the gunners of the *Chesapeake* were flinching from their guns. Too many had been killed before the eyes of those serving the ammunition and firing the guns. The gunners were shrinking from danger. Blake ordered his great guns to cease firing, and for the two ships to be lashed together. He intended to board

the *Chesapeake* and put an end to the conflict by hand to hand engagement.

The boatswain set about lashing the two ships together, which he succeeded in doing, though his right arm was cut off by a blow from a cutlass. Blake called for the boarders to swarm over the rails and close with the enemy. Lawrence was standing on the quarter deck, conspicuous in full dress uniform and commanding stature, ready to meet his assailants. He saw the odds were against him, but was resolved to fight it out to the end.

Over the rails came the British marines. A lieutenant, seeing Lawrence advancing before him, shot him down as the men closed for the conflict. Lawrence fell, fatally wounded. His men seized him and carried him below. He knew he was dying, for his breath was very short. The end was near. Over his head he heard the roar of battle. Turning his gaze upon those around him he pleaded,

"Don't Give up the Ship! Don't Give up the Ship!"

On deck Captain Blake was leading his men with brilliant courage. Attacking an American

armed with a pike, he parried the blow from it, and cut down the man. Attacking another, he himself was hit on the head with a clubbed gun. He fell to the deck and was saved by one of his own men. He never entirely recovered from the effects of the blow.

The crew of the *Chesapeake* was completely demoralized. Some of the seasoned men fought bravely on the decks, but many of the new men ran below and refused to come up and fight. Of those who remained on deck every man was killed. The British then fired a volley or two down the hatchway where the others were, and the battle was over. It had lasted only fifteen minutes. It had been an engagement between thoroughly trained and seasoned veterans on the British side, and raw soldiers, many of whom were foreigners, and some of whom were discontents, on the American side. The *Chesapeake* and her remaining crew were taken to Halifax, prizes and prisoners of war.

Both commanders had acted with bravery and brilliancy. Captain Blake was made a baronet by the British government. The body of Captain Lawrence now rests in Trinity

Churchyard in New York, sleeping forever in the roar of a great city as he died in the roar of a great battle. His last dying words will always be an inspiration to his countrymen never to surrender as long as there is a chance to succeed.

THE VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE

AT the beginning of the War of 1812 the upper Great Lakes were in possession of the English. Erie was the most important of them for our purpose, and over this lake the British had exclusive control. To drive the British from Lake Erie, or capture their fleet in those waters, was entrusted to a young naval officer, twenty-seven years old, named Oliver Hazard Perry.

When Perry was a boy his mother had carefully trained him for command by teaching him early to obey. "He who would order others must first learn to obey orders himself," was one of her rules to her son. Then she told him stories of his ancestors in the pioneer days. She taught him how to read and what books to read, and when he decided that he wished to be a sea captain she said, "Very well, my son, you can serve God and your country on the seas as well as on the land. But you must always be honest and brave and never give up."

And so young Perry enlisted for the sea, and became a midshipman when he was not quite fourteen years of age. He cruised in the West Indies, visited Louisiana, and served in the war with Tripoli. He was made a lieutenant, and when the war with England began there was probably no better officer in the American navy. He knew how to train his crews, and gave unwearied attention to all details of his vessel. The truth was he loved the sea, and the ships, and his men. He believed in the fact that one will always do well the things he loves to do.

He was put in command of a flotilla of small vessels, and kept everybody busy assembling and moving his ships in order to keep his men in practice. He practiced sham battles by dividing his forces into two squadrons, and having one move against the other, as in actual warfare. He was accustomed to say to his officers, "If ever you meet an enemy this is the way you should use your command." And many a long hour was spent over the tables in working out plans of imaginary conflicts at sea.

When the War of 1812 began, Perry was ordered to Lake Erie, as we have seen. He had

no ships to take him there, but with fifty men and his young brother, Alexander, he started out on sleighs in the dead of winter, and made his way the best he could to the shores where his name was to be made famous.

When he reached Erie he found Noah Brown, a shipwright, and a sailing master named Dobbins, waiting for fifty carpenters from Philadelphia, with orders to build ships for Perry's fleet. It had taken these men more than five weeks to make this journey over the snow-covered hills and fields, and across the frozen rivers.

Imagine the difficulty that confronted the young commander—no ships, no railroads, no telegraphs, no towns, only a wilderness of woods and snow. His was the task to build a fleet out of the wood he could get in the forest, man it with what soldiers he could find, and defeat the British fleet if he should ever get close enough for an engagement.

But Perry remembered his mother's training and her advice, that "it is only when things seem impossible that men are called upon to show their greatness."

With incredible toil Perry went about his labors. He laid the keel of two twenty-ton brigs, and cut timber for others. He kept his men busy day after day. Fortunately the Americans had captured a British brig and had purchased three schooners, which by hard labor were brought to Erie for Perry's use. Perry himself built three other schooners. So by hard labor there was finally assembled by summertime nine vessels, large and small, that Commodore Perry proudly called his fleet.

Guns were brought in by rafts and small boats, and placed on board. Though his battleships would look ridiculous by the side of the war vessels of today, yet they were good enough for service a hundred years ago. "We are about as strong as the British fleet anyway," remarked Perry, "and we may as well have a tryout with them."

But another trouble arose to worry the commodore, now that he had his fleet. It seems that a sandbar had been formed by the storms of the winter across the harbor, over which his vessels could not pass., He was blockaded by the bar as effectually as if a fleet of ships lay

outside. Perry resolved to lift his fleet over the bar, at least those that could not pass over without help. He was resolved to get outside with his ships, bar or no bar. So he proposed to get the big ships over by what was known as a "camel."

Taking his ship the *Lawrence* out to the bar, after leaving her heavy guns on shore to lighten her, he placed her between two large scows. The scows were sunk to the water's edge and pieces of massive timbers were run through the forward and after parts of the vessel and blocked up, actually lifting the *Lawrence* above the bar. It was something like lifting a house by a jack-screw, only the jacks in this case were timbers, and the foundations were the scows that held everything afloat. It took all one night to get the *Lawrence* over the bar, and her guns aboard again.

The *Niagara* was the next ship to cross the bar in the same way, and the others passed in quick succession. When all the nine vessels were afloat in the deep waters of Lake Erie the sailors cheered, the flags waved, and Perry said to himself, "It takes more than a sand-

bar to keep my fleet inside a harbor. If a sandbar cannot do it, I need not fear a British fleet."

His men had had five months constant drilling and by now were fair marksmen. True, some of them had never been on a big ship before, and knew nothing of loading and firing guns, but they were hardy sons of the forest and lake, and were keen for an engagement with the British. As for ammunition, Perry had collected all sorts of scrap iron, bolts, bars, splinters, and sewed them in leather bags the size of shells, and was ready to use them in his guns. When fired into the enemy's rigging and sails, or among the men on deck, the leather bags would burst and the scrap iron would do all kinds of damage.

In September, 1813, Perry had his vessels out of the harbor, all nine of them. The British fleet, under Captain Robert Barclay, had kept his preparations under their observation, and once or twice had appeared at the harbor of Erie to take a look. But he had moved on and made no demonstration to attack. In fact, the British were as bad off for ships as were the

Americans. Captain Barclay had only six vessels to Perry's nine, but he had fifty more men. The British had more guns, but the American guns had longer range. So the two fleets were not far from equal. If there was any advantage at all, it was more on Perry's side than on Barclay's.

Perry sailed away in search of the British fleet westward along the whole length of Lake Erie, until he came to Put-in-Bay. Barclay sailed out of Amherstburg from the Ontario side to meet him, and the two fleets approached each other to fight the great battle at the extreme western end of Lake Erie.

At dawn on September 9th the lookout from the masthead of the *Lawrence* reported "Ships ahoy!" That meant Barclay's fleet, and all was bustle aboard the flagship. Perry on the bridge calmly awaited the coming of the enemy, and gave orders for the disposition of his own vessels. It was eleven o'clock, the sun shining on a brilliant day when the engagement actually began. "A few hours will decide whether England or America shall control these waters," said he to an officer standing near. And then he muttered to himself, "I shall do nothing to make

my mother think I have forgotten her teachings." Then he advised his young brother Alexander to be careful but also to take his part in the coming battle. "Have no fear for me," replied the youth. "Am I not your brother?"

As the fleets approached each other, the bugle from the British flagship *Detroit* sounded, the men cheered, and her guns opened on the *Lawrence* at a distance of a mile and a half. The *Lawrence* quickly responded. By now the battle was on in earnest, the big ships of each side confronting one another.

The *Detroit* battered the *Lawrence* mercilessly. Other British vessels centered their fire on the flagship and soon she was almost a wreck. Out of 103 men only 19 remained unwounded. Her guns were dismounted, her sails and masts were shot away. Still, she was afloat.

Perry, with the assistance of the purser and the chaplain, loaded, aimed, and fired the only remaining gun, and saw the shot go crashing into the *Detroit*. Then he called for his brother Alexander, and said quietly, "We will find another flagship to fight from. This one is disabled."

Taking her flag in his hand, he ordered a boat lowered and four seamen to get into it. With Alexander he stepped into the boat, and wrapped the American flag around his arm. "They shall never get this flag as long as I am alive," said he smiling.

Bareheaded, amid the storm of shells and the roar of the guns, concealed partly by the smoke of battle, and sometimes in the open sunshine, his boat steadily and bravely made its way to the *Niagara*, a quarter of a mile away, where he and the others were hauled on board amid the wild cheers of the men.

The flag was raised to the masthead of the *Niagara* and the battle continued. The *Lawrence* had suffered most of all the fleet. The others did valiant service. The *Niagara* bore into the fray and soon the British vessels, one by one, were disabled. Finally the *Detroit* was so crippled that she could resist no longer. The reserve vessels of the Americans came bearing down, and Captain Barclay, wounded and overcome, ordered his flag lowered in token of surrender.

The Battle of Lake Erie was over, and the waters were in possession of the Americans.

For the first time in her history England lost an entire squadron, surrendered to a young man twenty-seven years old. Perry sent a short despatch to General William Henry Harrison, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

When the farmers of Rhode Island heard of the victory one of their speakers declared, "Oliver is a great soldier, but his mother helped him win the battle."

THE FIRST STEAMSHIP TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC

UP to the year 1819 no steamship had ever crossed the ocean. Sailing vessels there were in abundance, but as yet no steam craft was brave enough to venture far out to sea. Since the day of Robert Fulton and the *Clermont* there were plenty of steamboats on the rivers and the inland waters and along the coast, but the great ocean was yet to be conquered.

A sailing master, Captain Moses Rogers, had plied between New York and Savannah, and had many wealthy acquaintances in the Southern town, which by 1818 boasted of its 7500 population and its enterprise in the shipping business.

He spoke to a number of them, or they spoke to him, we do not know which, probably saying, "Why not build a ship with sails and steam machinery, and send her across the ocean to foreign ports? If sailing vessels cross the At-

lantic, and steamboats ply our rivers, then a combination of both can go anywhere, regardless of calms or storms. Besides, it will be a great thing for Savannah."

The more they talked about it, the more the wealthy merchants became interested. At length they formed a company, and raised the money to build a ship "to navigate the ocean by steam." It was a daring enterprise for those days, but the Savannah merchants were rich, and proud of their city.

"To think of a steamship, with paddle wheels on the sides, and funnels with smoke coming out of them, sailing into Liverpool harbor, whether the wind blows or not! Yes, it is a great enterprise, and will astonish those people on the other side of the ocean," was the talk of the town.

Captain Rogers persuaded the company to buy a vessel that was being built in New York. It was a full rigged ship of 350 tons burden. Under the watchful eye of Captain Rogers the vessel was equipped with a 90 horse-power engine, and side paddle wheels whose arms were arranged to close together like a fan. The

wheels were also so arranged that they could be detached from the shaft and taken on board in case of storm.

The ship was named *Savannah,* and when completed was as staunch a craft as ever left a shipyard. It had the sails of vessels of its type, and when the wind blew the sails could be used. It had a boiler, and paddle wheels propelled by steam, and when the wind did not blow the steam machinery could be used. Captain Rogers was very proud of his new design.

The *Savannah* was launched in August, 1818, but it was seven months before all the work was completed to the satisfaction of her owners. Several trial trips were made around New York harbor. The newspapers of that day said she was an elegant vessel, with her saloons "handsomely furnished with imported carpets, curtains and hangings, and decorated with mirrors." It was evidently the intention of her owners that she should be a passenger vessel as well as a freighter.

Her departure from New York in March, 1819, created as much excitement as did the

departure from England of the *Titanic* a hundred years later. She was followed by small boats and river craft, saluted by whistles and flags, and the cheers of many people as she steamed out, bound for the town of her owners, and with Captain Moses Rogers as sailing master.

It took nearly ten days to make the trip from New York to Tybee. The sails were used most of the time, steam was used only two days, for the wind was fair, and why burn wood when one could get a breeze for nothing?

On one occasion the wind was strong and Captain Rogers gave the order to "ship the paddle wheels." The sailors tried for speed and in thirty minutes the wheels were off and lying on deck. "Let her blow," said the Captain. "We can reef the sails and ship the wheels and be as snug as any other craft afloat."

We wonder what the captain would have thought of one of our great ocean liners, without sails of any kind, plunging headlong through a storm, unmindful of wind and weather, bearing a thousand passengers safely from port to port.

When the *Savannah* arrived at her home port, the citizens of the town thronged the

water front and shouted welcome to the new vessel. The newspapers the next day gave glowing accounts of her appearance, calling attention to the fact that "her wheels can be unshipped in a few minutes, so as to place her precisely in the condition of any other vessel in case of a storm or a rough sea."

President Monroe was touring the South at the time, on a visit of goodwill to the people. It was a great occasion to have a President of the United States visit a city, as it is in this day. So the people of Savannah were making great preparations to receive him.

William Scarborough, one of the owners of the boat, conceived the idea of sending the *Savannah* over to Charleston to meet the President and bring him to town in the new steam boat. Captain Rogers started down the river with flags flying and the whistles blowing. A great crowd stood on the docks watching the departure. Several passengers were on board. One of them wrote an account of the trip, saying the vessel was propelled by steam at "the incredible rate of five miles an hour."

When the *Savannah* reached Charleston a

crowd came on board, but President Monroe was not among them. His plans did not permit of a sea trip to Savannah, and so the new steamboat had to return without him. Later on, however, when he was in Savannah, he went on board the vessel and took a ride down the river and back again.

The President said to William Scarborough, "If the *Savannah* crosses the Atlantic and gets back to America, and you wish it, I will try to get Congress to purchase her and make her a war cruiser to coast along the West Indies."

If this had happened the *Savannah* would have been the first steam propelled war vessel in the world. But the fates were against her, and she never was sold to the government.

The great day came for her departure for Liverpool. The newspapers announced, "The steamship *Savannah,* Captain Rogers, will without fail proceed for Liverpool direct tomorrow. Passengers, if any, can be well accommodated."

We have no record of the names of any passengers or of any cargo, but it is fair to suppose that there were passengers on board, and that she carried a cargo, probably of cotton

and naval stores. Everybody was too excited to think of who was going or what was stored in her hold. The great event was at hand, and on May 22, 1819, the *Savannah* "got up steam, hove up the anchor, and started," as the captain wrote in his log book.

There are some interesting entries from day to day. Writes the captain: "Stopped the wheels to clean the clinkers out of the furnace." And again, "Heavy weather, took the wheels off in thirty minutes."

Nearing the coast of Ireland a British vessel saw the *Savannah* steaming along under bare poles, her funnels throwing out great volumes of smoke. The British captain thought the vessel was on fire, and ordered pursuit of the *Savannah*. But to his surprise the stranger slipped along over the water as fast as he did, and gave no signs of distress. At length Captain Rogers stopped his engines, brought his vessel to a standstill, and allowed the astonished British to come on board. It did not take long to satisfy their curiosity.

June 20th, the *Savannah* ran into the harbor of Liverpool, the trip being made in 29 days,

11 hours. She was an object of great curiosity and interest. She was visited by crowds eager to see a steamship that had crossed the ocean. Naval and military officers, as well as the common people, were on board constantly, asking questions and expressing their surprise.

After a month's stay at Liverpool, the *Savannah* set sail for St. Petersburg, in Russia. Arriving at Stockholm, she was visited by members of the royal family, and by others in high station. Proceeding to St. Petersburg a like reception awaited her. Everywhere she was an object of great interest. The Czar presented Captain Rogers with a gold watch, and an ornamental iron bench. Sailing master Stephen Rogers was presented a gold snuff box by one of his passengers from Stockholm to St. Petersburg.

After ten days the *Savannah* departed for home. It took fifty days for the return trip, the weather being rough. Upon his arrival in Savannah Captain Rogers reported, "All well, and not a screw, bolt or rope yarn parted." The first trip from America across the Atlantic and back again by a steam propelled vessel had been made.

But the *Savannah* made no more trips abroad. Her engines were removed and she became a sailing craft plying with cotton between New York and Savannah. One stormy day she was driven ashore about seventy miles below New York and was beaten to pieces by the waves. Her proud record was forgotten by her owners in their desire to make a profit of her sailing days, but history still keeps account of the time she crossed the Atlantic with smoking funnels and throbbing wheels.

SHE BLOWS! SHE BLOWS!

OF all the craft that put to sea none had more stirring adventures than the whale ships of the New England coast towns. It was in the days when whale oil and whalebone were in great demand, and the big monsters of the sea were killed by harpoons and lances, thrust by sturdy hands from a small boat.

The old whale ships were very staunch and strong. They had to be, for their course took them over every sea, and through many storms, for a cruise that often lasted for several years.

Under tropical suns, where the heat drew the pitch from the seams, and the wood dried and cracked, and the feet blistered when they touched the deck; on Arctic seas where ice cakes pounded the sides of the ship, and ofttimes the floes caught the whaler and held her fast for a season; in fair weather and foul, in deadly calm and furious storm, the whalemen kept up their search, never giving up until the barrels in the hold were running over with the ill-

smelling oil that meant wealth for owner and crew.

There were frequently forty or more men on a whale ship. There were four or five tow boats hung alongside ready with lance, harpoon and line, when needed for a kill. Every man had his duty and knew his place. The green men were forced into learning their parts as soon as the ship put to sea. Each boat had its trained crew, with a mate in charge. Some were to pull the oars, one man looked after the long line to keep it from tangling, while the harpooner stood in the bow ready to thrust when the time came.

The old style harpoon was no light affair. It was a heavy weapon with a sharp barb, which held securely once it had sunk into the flesh of a whale. It had to be held in both hands, and thrust with great accuracy and force. In fact, it was so clumsy and heavy that the strongest and most expert harpooner could not strike a sinking blow further than fifteen or twenty feet.

One can well imagine the thrilling moment when the whale ship has been sailing for days and weeks with no sign of whales anywhere,

and all of a sudden the man in the lookout cries, "She blows! She blows! She blows!" He has seen, far away over the sea, the long, slimy body of a great whale, and has seen the monster spout water into the air, in playful sport. It may be one whale or two, or perhaps a school of whales, so he leans over his lookout rail, and pointing his hand in the direction of the spout, he cries again,

"Thar she blows! She blows! She blows!"

On deck the sailors spring into action. The boat crews leap to their places, the boats are lowered, and all the tiny craft are after the whale that may be miles away. The oarsmen bend to their work, the lineman examines his coil to see that it is ready to slip through the ring when the whale dashes off or sounds with the harpoon in his body. The harpooner grasps his weapon in both hands, and crouches ready to rise and thrust the barb into the great body.

"Steady, there, steady now! Slow down a bit!" are the low orders as the first boat comes near the whale. There may be other whales that the other boats go after, or they may be in waiting to help the first boat.

The boat comes almost to a glide and silently floats nearer and nearer. This whale may be forty or fifty feet long. Sometimes they attain a length of ninety feet. He is very quiet and unsuspicious of danger. He may not see the boat, or he may regard it only with curiosity. The boat is now within twenty feet and the harpooner rises and lifts the harpoon in both hands. He bends his broad back to the thrust and lets go the harpoon.

"Swish," it goes through the air, the hemp line singing through the ring. "Thud," it strikes the whale behind the head in the soft part of his body. The barb sinks in a foot or more, and the whale is hooked.

"Steady with the oars. All hands sit tight," calls out the harpooner, but his warning is not necessary. The crew know their duty and know their danger.

The whale feels the sting of the barb, that may have penetrated his lungs or throat, so that his first angry response is to blow again, but this time his spout may be tinged with blood. His first instinct is to flee away from danger. So off he goes with the harpoon in his

body and the long line fastened to it, and unwinding from the coil in the boat. Then he may stop for breathing or to make up his mind what to do next. The oarsmen follow him as fast as they can, the linemen taking up the line into the coil again.

If the line gives out before the whale stops, then the boat is raced furiously through the water drawn by the whale running at the end of several hundred feet of stout line. It is more exciting than racing, for an angry wounded whale can go over the water faster than a motor boat.

The monster may take a notion to dive or "sound" as they call it, and down he goes, the line following him. Now if he keeps on going and the line gives out, there is nothing to do but cut the line and let him go. Otherwise he would drag the boat under, spilling all the crew in mid-ocean.

If he comes again to the surface the men must be on a sharp lookout as to where he rises. If he rises under the boat there is sure enough trouble. If he rises close by there is a big fight on hand. So you see a whale is not an

easy fish to land. It takes time, strength and skill to lay him over on the water.

Tired out with running and sounding, or else at the very start infuriated at the barb in his body, and knowing he is caught by a strange line that is pulling at him all the time, the great whale may turn upon the boat as the source of all his troubles.

All his immense strength is concentrated on destroying the boat. He may smash the craft into bits by one stroke of his powerful flukes, or he may crunch it to pieces in his mighty jaws.

Just imagine what it means to be in a small boat in a wide open sea, and within twenty feet of a wounded and enraged whale fifty feet long, who is bent on snapping you between his jaws or breaking you to pieces with his tail. One snap or one blow is enough, and you are in the water and at his mercy.

So the boatmen bend to their oars and keep out of his fury. They are as alert as he is, and they escape death every few minutes. The lancer strikes again and again, deep into the wounded and struggling body. The har-

pooner sinks another shaft into his vitals. The sea is crimson with blood, the water is lashed into foam with the strokes of his tail.

His mammoth head is raised and comes down on the water like a thousand flails. He snaps, thrusts and turns, swinging his ponderous flukes into action, trying to strike the boat, or free himself from his increasing torture. The boatmen have their hands full to keep out of the way of those terrible jaws and that ever slashing tail.

The fight goes on for an hour or more. The whale has lost quantities of blood, his mouth is full of it, his spouting is over, and his struggles grow less and less. Finally they cease altogether, and he rolls over on his side. The cry goes up from the boat, "Fin up!" The whale is dead.

Around the body are passed ropes or chains, and the dead whale is towed to the ship's side. Other boats may be coming in with their catch, or another whale may be outside spouting another challenge to the crew.

Sometimes the whales are taken close by the ship, and then again they may be taken miles away. Sometimes the coursing whale may drag

a boat beyond the horizon, or night may come on, or a storm, and then the boat and its crew may be lost and never heard of again. Then, also, the whale may win in the fight and the boat is smashed and the crew drowned. It is all in the adventure, and every whaleman knows what may happen when he goes out after the monsters of the deep.

Let us suppose no accident has happened, and the whale is moored alongside ready for cutting up. A platform is swung out over his body, and on this the men stand with cutting knives and spades, and strip the fat and blubber from the long sides. The body is rolled over in the water as the sides are stripped. The great pieces are swung on board, hacked into fine bits, boiled over a fire, and the oil poured into barrels. One whale may yield eighty barrels.

It is dirty work to cut up a whale, and boil the fat into oil, and most evil smelling. It is said that one can smell a whale ship for twenty miles if the wind is in the right direction. None but resolute whalemen can stand the dirt, danger, discomfort and foul smells of a whaling vessel.

But the whale ship goes bravely on from

catch to catch. Hundreds of barrels of oil are stored in her hold, worth thousands of dollars. The dirt becomes deeper, the discomfort grows greater, the smells grow worse and worse as the months roll by. Still the sailors are ready at a moment's notice to leap for oars, harpoon and line when the lookout cries, "Thar she blows!"

A WHALE SINKS THE ESSEX

OVER a hundred years ago, a whaling vessel named the *Essex* set sail on a two-year cruise from the harbor of Nantucket. The story of her adventurous fate is told by Chelsea Fraser in "Heroes of the Sea" (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.).

Cruising along the South American coast and finding many whales, her crew gathered a thousand barrels of oil. Then they went north and west, until they came near to the equator, still on the lookout for more prey.

Early one morning came the familiar cry of "She blows! She blows!" and about a mile off could be seen a school of sperm whales sporting in the water and blowing.

Owen Chase was the first mate, and in no time he had his boat lowered, and was near the great creatures, and sank his harpoon into the side of a whale and thought he had made a fine catch. But the whale had no mind to die so easy, so in great anger he turned his flukes toward the boat and with one blow smashed it to bits.

The men were in the water, the boat had disappeared from view, and the whale, satisfied with what he had done, made off with the harpoon and line. The men were all picked up by another boat, and brought safely back to the ship.

"You can't always tell what is going to happen when you go after a bull whale," said Chase as he climbed aboard.

A few days later the *Essex* sighted another school of whales. They were not more than a half mile away, and the three boats that were left put out for them.

"Be careful, boys. We can't afford to lose another boat," said Chase. But little did he know what was ahead of him and his companions.

Chase's boat was the first one to reach the spot where the school was spouting. A big fellow who had been sounding, came to the surface a few feet in front of his boat, and blew a column of water into the air.

"Here she goes," cried the mate, and his harpoon sang through the air, and sank into the gray side of the big monster. "There she sticks. Now let the line run."

But the whale had no notion of running away or sounding. Instead of that he turned his big head toward the boat, and prepared to charge the author of the pain in his side.

"Back oars, and out of the way," yelled the mate, seeing the danger.

The oarsmen pulled with all their might. The quarters were close and the whale had all the advantage. His great jaws opened and snapped as he rolled over in the water, trying to rid himself of the barb in his side. Then he flashed his tail to one side, and struck the boat a great blow.

Maddened with pain the whale darted away, threatening to drag the boat along with him by the line attached to the harpoon. But Chase was too quick for him. Drawing his knife he cut the line in time to save the crew.

"Glad he's gone! I hope we have seen the last of him," said he ruefully to his companions. But wait and see what was in the whale's mind.

The crew had their hands full saving the boat and themselves. They had no time nor inclination to go after another whale. They pulled off their clothes and stuffed them into

the holes made in the boat by the whale. Some pulled on the oars, while the others baled the boat. They made for the ship as fast as they could, but the water gained on them fast, and by the time they reached the ship their boat was ready to sink. But they climbed on board, thankful to be saved.

The captain was off in another boat after a whale, and so Chase took charge of the ship, and stood away in their direction.

"You men, there, patch that boat with canvas, we may need it later on," he called to the sailors, pointing to the broken boat which had been hoisted on deck.

The ship was under way, but suddenly an enormous bull whale, eighty or ninety feet long, rose out of the water not more than a hundred feet ahead. The creature, apparently in a great rage, fell upon the water with a splash that threw spray over the decks.

One of the sailors watching him cried out, "There's an iron and a line hanging from his side. That's the whale we hooked back yonder, and that broke our boat. He's mad, sure enough, and is coming after us."

Others had seen the harpoon in his side, and the line running loose. Chase began to feel uneasy. Suppose that big creature should charge the ship, what would happen?

The whale spouted and sounded several times. It rose nearer to the ship each time, growing madder and madder all the time.

"I believe that bull whale is going to batter this ship," said Chase. "I wonder if he thinks he can hurt us."

Evidently the whale was going to see what he could do. Rising a short distance from the whaler, he turned his big head toward her and came on full tilt. It was like a battering ram coming down on a wooden fort.

"Hard a helm!" yelled Chase to the steersman. But the fellow was slow and clumsy. Chase himself leaped to the wheel to bring the vessel into position to ward off the blow. The ship responded slowly, all too slowly.

"Look out, here he comes!" yelled the sailors, as they grasped the rails.

Onward came the whale, leaving a wake of foam behind him. He struck the ship with his great square head full under the fore-chains.

The blow was that of a ship striking the rocks, or hitting a reef. The *Essex* shivered from stem to stern, the sailors were thrown to the deck, and the masts bent as if a wind had struck them.

The big whale scraped under the ship, almost lifted her from the water, and then swam away carrying the harpoon and line.

"Go below and see what damage that whale has done," ordered the mate.

The men went below, and returned saying, "She's leaking badly. A big hole is in her side where the whale stove in her planks. She's in a bad fix."

"Put all men to the pumps and hoist the signal for the other boats to come in."

The men sprang to the pumps. The signal flags were raised. Chase knew there was danger and no time to lose. The water was flowing into the hold, but still it could be controlled.

"Look yonder! There he comes again!" cried one of the sailors. The same great monster was spouting less than a quarter of a mile away, churning the sea into foam, and lashing himself into a fury. He made such a noise snapping his

jaws together and striking the water with his flukes that it could be heard on deck.

"God forbid that he comes our way," said Chase prayerfully. "If he does we are done for beyond a doubt."

The men turned again to the pumps to keep the ship clear of water. The signal flags still floated, calling in the other boats. The whale was making a great commotion in the sea.

In a few moments the steersman cried out, "Here he comes again. Look out for him!"

Sure enough, the infuriated whale was again coming head on, bent for the *Essex* in all his fury. In full speed he came through the water in a straight line for his enemy. Again he dealt the crippled vessel another deadly blow as bad as the first. Again the *Essex* staggered and reeled, and the sailors clung to the rails to steady themselves. The whale disappeared in the water, leaving a thoroughly battered whaler behind him with a thousand barrels of oil in her hold. He had avenged his dead comrades.

The other boats were picked up, and put in condition to hold the crew, for it soon became

evident that the *Essex* could not float much longer.

"To think a whale could sink my boat, my *Essex*, that has stood storms for many years," said Captain Pollard when he heard what had happened. "It looks like she had struck a rock."

But the *Essex* was sinking, and the men crowded into the three boats. Hardly had they cleared the sides of the ship before they saw her go down, bow first, into the water.

"God help us!" cried the Captain. "This is a hot sun, we are short of water and provisions, few ships come our way, and we are a thousand miles from land."

"And maybe that whale will take a notion to come back again," said one of the sailors.

But the whale stayed away, and the three little boats raised white flags of distress and drifted on over the hot and pitiless sea. It was a dreadful experience.

Days passed in despair and distress. The water gave out, the food gave out. One by one the men died and were cast into the sea. Some went raving mad with the heat and thirst, and jumped overboard to end their torture. Captain

Pollard and Owen Chase and one sailor alone remained alive at the end of many days.

Finally, when hope was almost gone, and the three men nearly dead, their white flag, feebly waving from a broken oar, was seen by a passing vessel, and the men were picked up. It took a week of careful nursing to bring them back to health, for they were hardly more than skeletons when they were rescued, and their skin was sunburned until it looked like parchment.

After this, Owen Chase was wont to say, "Yes, whaling may be profitable, and all that, but you can't tell what is going to happen when you go after a bull whale."

THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE IRONCLADS

FOR many hundreds of years all vessels were made of wood. War vessels were made of the stoutest timbers that could be found, but no vessel could be built of wood strong enough to turn aside the shells of the big guns of the enemy. It was during the Civil War that, for the first time in history, a real battle occurred between vessels that were ironclad, which means that their sides were protected by thick metal plates.

When the Northern forces abandoned the navy yard at Norfolk, Virginia, they dismantled and sunk a vessel named *Merrimac*. When the Confederates took possession of the navy yard they raised the *Merrimac*, put her in a dry dock, took down her masts and rigging, and covered her hull with thick iron plates. They then installed engines and heavy guns, and made of her a real ironclad vessel, and renamed her the *Virginia*. But she is generally known by her first name of the *Merrimac*.

The *Merrimac* had been built in a hurry, her engines were old and rusty, and the crew was not trained for naval warfare. But in time of war everything was done in a hurry. Up to the hour of sailing workmen were busy getting her ready.

Of course the news of what the Confederates were doing became known to the Northern navy board. The general opinion was that the *Merrimac* would sink before she could get into a fight. "A big ship like that covered with heavy iron plates several inches thick! Why, she will go to the bottom as soon as she touches the water!" But still the Northern board was not quite sure, and anxiously waited for her appearance in Hampton Roads, at the mouth of the James River, where a large blockading fleet had been assembled.

On the afternoon of March 8th, 1862, about one o'clock, a strange looking craft came slowly out of Norfolk headed for Hampton Roads and the Northern fleet. It looked like the sloping roof of a big house borne by a flood down a river. There were no masts, no rigging, no decks, no visible guns, only a great hulk floating along.

But the Northern fleet knew what was coming. The drums began to beat, the ships moved into action, and the cry went up everywhere, "There she is at last. The *Merrimac* is coming. Now we shall see what the Confederates have been up to."

The monster ironclad moved majestically onward. Her iron sides showed no men and no guns but only hinged ports behind which ten heavy guns were concealed, ready to be disclosed at any time for their deadly work. A crew of three hundred men were on board manning the ship or standing ready to serve the guns.

The *Merrimac* was now in Hampton Roads, in full view of the Northern fleet. A sailor on board the *Cumberland* reported to his officer, "Here comes a big meeting house floating down the bay, sir."

To which the officer responded, "It may be a meeting house but they are not doing the sort of praying that suits me."

The *Merrimac* headed straight for the *Cumberland*. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, a calm, beautiful spring day. There was a great

stir on board the *Cumberland* and the *Congress*, two blockading vessels that were evidently the point of attack of the oncoming ironclad.

"She is a clumsy affair, grotesque and unwieldy, and we shall make short work of her," said the captain of the *Cumberland*. Preparations were gaily made to bombard the *Merrimac* as soon as she came near enough. In a short while the ironclad was close by and the order to fire upon her was given.

A solid shot was fired from the *Cumberland*, and it struck the *Merrimac* a fair blow on her sloping sides. To a wooden vessel the shot would have been fatal, but to the amazement of the *Cumberland*, the solid shot slid off the iron plates like rain water from a roof.

The ports of the *Merrimac* opened, her guns roared, and a charge of grape shot swept over the deck of the *Cumberland*. Four or five men fell mortally wounded. The *Cumberland* answered, but the shot from her guns was no more than throwing rocks against a wall. Every shot bounded off into the sea. The *Merrimac* was impenetrable.

Again and again the ironclad opened her gun

ports and fired into the *Cumberland*. Every shot brought disaster and death. Suddenly her guns ceased, and she passed upstream as if she was after other prey. The men of the *Cumberland* thought that she had withdrawn from the conflict and began to cheer. But they cheered too soon.

Running out into the stream, the *Merrimac* suddenly turned and came full speed toward the *Cumberland*. The submerged steel prow of the ironclad was a ram that was built for destruction. Then the blow fell. There was a crash of timbers, a ripping of wood and stays as the sharp prow sank into the sides of her victim. The *Merrimac* backed off and again plunged her terrible beak into the very vitals of her enemy. At the same time her guns mercilessly dealt death to the crew.

The doomed *Cumberland* began to sink. She was a wreck. Her lower deck was now water level. Her guns still roared as best they could, some of them so hot that the water sizzled as they sank. The last gunner was up to his waist in water, and the gun was almost submerged. But he pulled the string and the water closed

over its last roar. With a lurch the *Cumberland* went down, as her men jumped overboard and swam to the shore. A few feet of her topmast remained above the water and there her flag still floated. Even in death she was defiant to her foes.

The *Merrimac* now turned her attention to the *Congress*. That vessel, seeing the fate of the *Cumberland* and not caring to suffer likewise, had cut her cables and was running for safety. What was the use of fighting an ironclad? But as she ran the *Congress* went aground in shallow water, and was stuck hard and fast in the mud. Her crew made desperate efforts to release her, but in vain. The tide was going out and every minute made the situation worse. She keeled over, leaving only two guns that could be used against the *Merrimac*.

The ironclad, like a monster turtle, made up leisurely toward the helpless ship. It was a question of a few moments before the *Congress* was on fire from the heavy shells which raked her side, killing her crew, and setting fire to her wooden hull. Her captain, seeing how helpless was the condition of his vessel, ordered

his colors to be struck in token of surrender. His ship was burning anyhow, and was doomed to utter destruction. His eyes were full of tears as he ordered the flag lowered. Thus, two of the blockade fleet had been destroyed, and the *Merrimac* had suffered but little damage.

The other vessels hastened to get out of danger of the dreadful ironclad, which, like a floating fort, seemed invulnerable. The *Minnesota* ran aground, but the water was so shallow by now that the *Merrimac* could not reach her with her guns.

"We have done enough for one day," said the commander of the *Merrimac*. "We will put into Norfolk and return by sunrise and a better tide." And so the *Merrimac* retired for the night, and her officers slept confident of the morrow.

The telegraph carried to all parts of the world the news of the destruction wrought by the *Merrimac*. There was alarm and consternation everywhere. A meeting of the Cabinet was hastily called in Washington City. The Secretary of War was much disturbed. "The *Merrimac* will destroy every vessel in our navy.

There is nothing we have to stop her from entering every port, and sinking every ship. What is wood against steel and iron? I tell you we are now helpless. If the *Merrimac* can get up the Potomac River she can throw her shells and her cannon-balls into the White House itself." And the members of the Cabinet looked at one another in dismay.

The night passed and the morning came. Little did anyone think that the whole situation would be changed, and that the dreaded *Merrimac* would meet its match, and that the day would bring a complete revolution in the naval architecture of the world. But it is the unexpected that often happens.

During the night there steamed into Hampton Roads a craft that was as queer in her way as the *Merrimac* was in hers. It was the *Monitor*, devised and built by John Ericsson, a Swedish inventor, who had been working on the idea a long time, and for the past one hundred days had been secretly building this boat. The *Monitor* had appeared about midnight and by sunrise had taken up a position near to the *Minnesota*, to defend her if the *Merrimac* again appeared.

She was an odd-looking craft. Her deck was flat and lay only two feet above the water. In the center was a round turret, covered with iron plates, through which were port-holes, and in which were two heavy guns discharging shells that weighed one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. The turret was made to revolve, so that the guns could fire in any direction. All the machinery, and the men's quarters were below water level. The deck was covered with iron plates.

When she took her position by the *Minnesota*, one of the men called out, "Here, you cheese box on a raft! The *Merrimac* will be out in an hour, and you had better get away while you have a chance."

But the commander of the *Monitor* spoke from the pilot house. "I am here to protect you and the other vessels of the fleet. I am also an ironclad, and I do not intend to run away. I am here for battle." At this the sailors laughed, but later on they were glad the *Monitor* did not take their advice.

Morning came, and the *Merrimac* steamed out to complete the work of the day before.

The flag of the *Cumberland* still floated just above the water, and the hull of the *Congress* was still smouldering. The Confederate ironclad made her way to the grounded *Minnesota*, confident of an easy victory. As she approached the great wooden vessel, she opened fire. To her surprise there glided out in front of her the strange little *Monitor*, like a David offering battle to a Goliath of the seas.

The *Merrimac* paid no attention to its little antagonist, but continued to fire upon the *Minnesota*. But the *Monitor* carried heavy guns and heavy shells. This new ironclad opened fire on the *Merrimac*. So terrific was the discharge that some of the iron plates of the Confederate vessel were cracked, and the men inside knocked senseless. Their new antagonist must be dealt with. She must be silenced or driven away, or the *Merrimac* could not pursue its own path of destruction.

And now began the great battle of these two ironclads, the first in the history of the world. The shore was crowded with spectators, sailors and soldiers from both sides watching the conflict, the ships of the whole fleet waiting the

result with anxiety. It was a momentous day in naval warfare. Upon its issue hung the fate of wooden vessels of all the navies in the world.

The *Merrimac* turned her entire attention to this hornet that was buzzing around her and stinging her sides so fiercely. She let go all her guns, hoping to sink or disable her little antagonist. But her shells bounded off from the deck or the round sides of the turret and were lost in the sea. She did no more damage to the *Monitor* than the guns of the *Cumberland* had done to her. So agile was the little craft, and so swiftly she made through the water, that she was often out of the way when the *Merrimac's* guns were discharged.

The *Monitor's* turret stuck and would not revolve. This made it necessary for her to shift every time she discharged a gun. But this did not deter her resolute commander. For more than an hour each ironclad poured its fire into the other, seeking to disable its antagonist, but without apparent result.

The *Merrimac* resorted to her terrible ram. Moving into position for a charge, she came down upon the *Monitor* like a falling house

upon a passerby. But the *Monitor* was too swift for the clumsy enemy. The strike was a fair one, but the prow missed, and the larger boat was driven on to the deck of the smaller one, almost overriding her and pushing her under the water. It seemed that the *Monitor* must sink under the great weight of the heavy *Merrimac*. Then the *Merrimac* slipped off and the *Monitor* righted itself, and the battle continued.

Then the *Merrimac* ran aground and for awhile was in a bad fix. But she backed out before her antagonist could do any damage. The battle went on until midday. Both vessels had suffered terribly. The *Merrimac's* plates were cracked, and her engines were working badly. The *Monitor* was dented and her crew were exhausted. Both vessels had had enough for the day.

The commander of the *Monitor* was knocked senseless and almost blinded by a shot that struck against the grating of the pilot. He was carried below and his eyes bandaged. His officers reported that the *Merrimac* had ceased firing.

"Have I saved the *Minnesota*?" he asked.

"Yes, and the *Merrimac* has withdrawn from the battle. All is quiet now outside."

The *Merrimac* had withdrawn to Norfolk for repairs. After a few days she reappeared, offering to renew the battle, but the *Monitor* declined to be engaged except in case of an attack on one of the vessels. This the *Merrimac* did not do. Later on she was stranded and destroyed by the Confederates when they abandoned Norfolk.

The day of wooden war vessels had passed. The battle in Hampton Roads had rendered useless every man-of-war in the world. England could no longer depend upon her "wooden walls" for safety. The day of the ironclad had come. From that time on all battleships were heavily encased in armor, and their crews fought behind many inches of steel plates.

THE CRUISE OF THE ALABAMA

THE Confederate government placed an order with a firm in England to build a vessel to be named the *Alabama*. A war vessel cannot be ordered and built in a neutral country, so nothing was said about armament or the purpose of the *Alabama*—just a vessel—that was all. She was known as 290, for the firm built ships by number and not by name.

When the *Alabama* was completed a party of ladies and gentlemen went on board for a trial trip. "We will sail out of Liverpool to see how the 290 behaves," said the officer in command. But when the vessel was well in the channel, a tug came alongside, took the party off and carried them back to land, and the vessel put to sea. The party of ladies and gentlemen had been merely a ruse to get the ship out of the harbor without exciting suspicion.

The *Alabama* sailed to the island of Terceira, one of the Azores. A transport had gone ahead with war material. Captain Raphael Semmes

of the Confederate navy, with his officers, met her there, took charge of the vessel, and transferred the cannon and stores from the transport. The *Alabama* was now changed from an ordinary vessel into a cruiser commissioned to go after the Northern merchant vessels wherever they could be found.

The *Alabama* was built for speed. Her lines were long and symmetrical, and the material of which she was built was of the finest. She was a combination of steamship and sailing vessel. In fifteen minutes her propeller could be hoisted, her sails set, and she was a perfect sailing vessel. In the same length of time her propeller could be lowered, her sails furled, and she became a perfect steamer. She carried an armament of eight guns, a crew of 120 men, and 24 officers.

In August, 1862, the *Alabama* was formally put in commission, Captain Raphael Semmes in command. His orders were to capture and destroy the Northern merchant vessels on all seas. Hoisting the Confederate flag, he put to sea and began that adventurous career that has made the story of the *Alabama* one of the most thrilling narratives of the Civil War.

On the eleventh day after going out, she captured her first prize, not a hundred miles from where her flag was hoisted. She worked around the Azores for several weeks, then started across the ocean for New York harbor, taking toll as she went. But off the Newfoundland Banks she encountered a storm and was badly shaken. Captain Semmes then ran down to the Caribbean Sea, taking more prizes of merchant craft on the way.

It was now known that the *Alabama* was afloat. Around her was destruction, behind her was consternation. Every few days her flag would appear along the horizon to some merchant vessel bound across the Atlantic, or going southward. Then there would be a swift chase and a descent like a hawk upon a bird. Then a roar of guns, and one more luckless and helpless vessel would go to the bottom, her crew picked up and set ashore as prisoners, or released on parole. The news of her exploits was printed in all the papers, as they became known. Much was the alarm of owners and many were the conjectures of the damage she was doing to shipping upon the high seas.

The prizes gave Semmes the regular mails of the United States. He learned that an army was being fitted out for an attack on Galveston and Texas, and that the troops were to be conveyed by transports under convoy of a few vessels of war. "A rich prize indeed," was the comment of the captain.

Semmes's plan of attack was to reach Galveston about the time the transports arrived, and wait until they had anchored off the bar and were attending to the landing of the troops.

"We will wait until the mid-watch is set, when all is quiet. Then we will silently approach, steam among the transports with both batteries in action, pour in a continuous discharge of shells to fire them or sink them, and then be off before the convoys can move against us," said he to his officers.

He knew that his presence in the Gulf of Mexico was not known, and that in all likelihood the convoys would not keep a strict watch after they reached Galveston.

When the time came, instead of sighting the transports, Captain Semmes ran into five vessels of war anchored in the harbor. The

lookout reported, "A steamer is standing out to meet us, sir." To which Semmes replied by giving orders for the *Alabama* to be made ready for action. "I shall not retire before a single vessel of my size," said he.

The approaching steamer was the war vessel *Hatteras*. About sundown the two vessels came together, and both opened fire with all their guns. The vessels drifted closer and closer together, until they were not more than two hundred feet apart. The action lasted only thirteen minutes, when the *Hatteras* was in a sinking condition.

Captain Semmes ordered his gunners to cease firing. He had heard the call from the *Hatteras*, "We are on fire, and sinking. We have surrendered. Send boats to take off our men."

In the darkness the boats were sent, and every man alive was taken on board the *Alabama* a few minutes before the *Hatteras* went down.

The Federal fleet was now in motion, so it behooved the *Alabama* to get out of the way. She might fight one vessel but could not hope to overcome four. So all lights were covered, and in the darkness the *Alabama* slipped into the deeper waters of the Gulf, disappointed of

her larger prey, but leaving an astonished and perplexed enemy behind.

During the night a heavy gale blew. The *Alabama* hoisted her propeller, crowded on all the sail she could safely carry, and headed for Jamaica. Captain Blake of the *Hatteras*, who had been taken on board, remarked upon the skill of the seamen and the speed of the boat. "Fortune favors the brave," was his smiling remark to an officer. To which the officer replied, "We are glad to have you on board, sir, and I hope your stay with us will be comfortable, and our voyage together a pleasant one."

When the *Alabama* reached Jamaica the officers and crew of the *Hatteras* were put ashore on parole, and the cruiser again stood out to sea, taking position at the cross routes of the East India and Pacific trade. Lingering here in mid-ocean, prize after prize fell into her hands. Bearing rich cargoes of the east, bound for New York around Cape of Good Hope, or around Cape Horn, the ships came gaily along, unconscious of the lion in their path. Day after day they fell victims to the relentless and swift

pursuit and the deadly guns of the cruiser. Most of them were burned and the crew taken on board. Of course they were merely merchant vessels, with no guns and but few members of the crew. But the vessels were costly and their cargoes were precious.

The *Alabama* was now the terror of the sea. Orders were sent out everywhere for her to be overtaken and destroyed. Every Northern warship was on the lookout for the daring raider, who was making such havoc on the sea. But the *Alabama* bore a charmed life, and sailed through many difficulties, braved many storms, and kept on taking many prizes.

Having satisfied himself with the South Atlantic exploits, Captain Semmes crossed the ocean, and came to the south of Africa.

At the Cape of Good Hope the *Alabama* had to look out for the *Vanderbilt*, a big war vessel of the United States. The *Vanderbilt* was not expecting the *Alabama*, nor did the cruiser intend to engage a ship of that size. The commander of the *Vanderbilt* had said, "If I ever meet the *Alabama* I shall not fire a gun. I shall simply run over her and send her to the

bottom." But he did not know the *Alabama*. He might run after her, but there was small chance of his running over her.

Captain Semmes did not linger at the Cape, nor did he engage the *Vanderbilt*. Striking a due course east he crossed the Indian Ocean and came to the China Sea. Here the *Alabama* again ran into the China trade, and every ship that bore a United States flag in the open sea was an easy victim to the swift moving cruiser. So alarmed did the merchantmen become that they refused to leave port, and turned over their cargoes to vessels flying a neutral flag. The China Sea was swept clean of American vessels for the time being.

A year and a half passed, during which the *Alabama* had been ceaselessly active. She had seen service of the most strenuous sort, and had not been spared for a moment for refitting. Her boilers were almost burned out, she was loose at every joint, her seams were open, and the copper on her bottom was in rolls. She was sadly in need of repairs. Captain Semmes looked his veteran cruiser over carefully, and said, "One more trip across the ocean, a few more

prizes, and then some dock for an overhauling."

Leaving the China Sea paralyzed of American trade, the *Alabama* recrossed the Atlantic to the coast of Brazil. Her appearance again in those waters created the same alarm as of a few months before. But the prizes were not so numerous now, for the cruiser had about driven all commerce from the open sea. So long as the *Alabama* was afloat, the owners were wary of letting their vessels go out of port. She had a way of appearing where she was least expected, and least wanted. And once appearing, there was sure to be some valuable ship sunk and a fine cargo lost.

And so, laboring along in her course, gathering in the stray commerce of the enemy, the *Alabama* turned north, passed the Azores again, and headed for the harbor of Cherbourg, France, where she was to meet her first and her final disaster.

She left behind her an unparalled achievement. During the twenty-two months in which she had been on the seas, she had captured or destroyed sixty-six vessels, of which fifty-two had been burned. This was at the rate of three

a month, or one every ten days. Sometimes there would be two or three a day, then there would come many days in which no vessels were encountered. She had demoralized the shipping industry of the North, and spread terror to United States vessels all over the world. No other cruiser in history had in so short a time wrought so much damage to an enemy's commerce. It was a common saying to departing ships, "Good luck, and may you not meet the *Alabama!*"

We shall see what happened in the harbor of Cherbourg when the cruiser came at last to her death struggle with an enemy's ship.

THE *KEARSARGE* SINKS THE *ALABAMA*

THERE was great excitement in the town of Cherbourg. The *Alabama* had put in there for repairs, and now there appeared outside the harbor the flag of the United States at the masthead of the *Kearsarge*, a warship that had come seeking the daring rover that had done so much damage.

The excitement spread to Paris, for it was rumored that the *Alabama* was not going to run away, but was going out to fight the *Kearsarge*. In fact, Captain Rafael Semmes had said so, and had written a note to Mr. Bonfils, the Confederate agent at Cherbourg, saying,

"My intention is to fight the *Kearsarge* as soon as I can make the necessary arrangements. I hope this will not detain me more than until tomorrow evening, or the morrow morning after at furthest. I beg she will not depart before I am ready to go out."

Mr. Bonfils sent the note to Mr. Liais, United States agent, and he sent a copy of it

to Captain Winslow of the *Kearsarge*. That was all the challenge there was, merely a note requesting the *Kearsarge* to wait until the *Alabama* was ready to fight.

"I have no intention of leaving before the *Alabama* comes out. I have come here for the purpose of engaging her in battle. I shall be glad to wait the pleasure of her commander, and he need have no fear of my departure," was the verbal reply of Captain Winslow.

Still Captain Winslow was surprised, for he knew the policy of the *Alabama* was to escape rather than run the risk of injury, and that if she was destroyed it would be a serious loss to the Confederacy. If the *Kearsarge* was sunk it would not mean a great deal to the Union navy.

Captain Winslow assembled his officers and discussed the battle. "He would not fight us unless he thought he could win. He is risking too much," said he to the group. "Therefore we will be sure he cannot escape into neutral waters during the engagement. We will sail out several miles from shore, and fight on the open sea."

They discussed the probable action and broke

up, agreeing to keep strict watch for the *Alabama*, and not to surrender their own ship under any conditions, but to go down with flying colors.

The *Alabama* hastened her repairs. Her boilers were cleaned, her seams calked, her sails furled, and her bunkers were filled with coal. Still, she was in poor condition for a fight. But Captain Semmes had made up his mind not to do any more running.

"I will show the world that the *Alabama* is a real warship, and not a mere raider. We have a fine ship and a brave crew, and the victory is in the hands of the gods," said the brave captain as he urged his men on to their labors.

And so the news went around that the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge* were scheduled for a naval battle, and crowds came by train from Paris, and many others gathered to witness the combat, about 15,000 in all. It was to be a gala day, for a fight between two war vessels was something new in the harbor of Cherbourg.

The night before the battle, several officers of the *Alabama* met some sympathizing friends at supper. The battle was the chief topic of

conversation. The officers declared their intention to sink the *Kearsarge,* or go down with their own ship. Many toasts were drunk to their success. When the party broke up, the officers were escorted to their boat amid cheers and best wishes. "We will meet tomorrow night to celebrate the victory," was the parting promise. But one cannot tell what a day will bring forth in a naval battle between two equally matched and bravely manned ships of war.

Sunday morning, June 19th, 1864, the *Alabama* weighed anchor and stood out of the western entrance of the harbor. The French frigate, *Couronne,* followed her to see that she went three miles, which was the limit of neutral waters. Beyond were the high seas. Crowds were on the hills and the shores, eager to gaze upon the coming conflict.

The *Kearsarge* was near the buoy marking the three mile limit, and was calmly and confidently awaiting her enemy. She had already waited three days, expecting the *Alabama* at any time, and was now fully prepared for the engagement.

Captain Semmes ordered the men to assemble. Standing on a gun carriage, he spoke to them,

"Officers and seamen: You have at length another opportunity of meeting the enemy—the first that has been presented to you since you sank the *Hatteras*. In the meantime you have been all over the world, and it is not too much to say that you have destroyed, and driven for protection under neutral flags, over half of the enemy's commerce, which at the beginning of the war covered every sea. This is an achievement of which you may well be proud, and a grateful country will not be unmindful of it. The name of this ship has become a household word wherever civilization extends. Shall that name be tarnished by defeat? The thing is impossible! Remember that you are in the English Channel, the theatre of so much of the naval glory of our race, and that the eyes of all Europe are at this moment upon you. The flag that floats over you is that of a young Republic, which bids defiance to her enemies wherever and whenever found. Show the world that you know how to uphold it. Go to your quarters."

The men cheered and took their places, ready for the battle which was before them at any moment.

On board the *Kearsarge* preparations were made for the Sunday service. The decks were cleared, the brass was polished, the crews were dressed in Sunday suits. No one was expecting the *Alabama* that day. The bell was tolling for divine service when someone shouted, "She's coming, and headed straight for us. The *Alabama* is coming! The *Alabama* is coming!"

Captain Winslow dropped his prayer book, and seized his trumpet. The drum beat to general quarters, the sailors leaped to their places. The *Kearsarge* was soon under full steam, headed for the high seas. "I believe she is running away from us," remarked Semmes to an officer. But he was soon to find out that the *Kearsarge* was standing off shore to fight in deep water, well away from neutral waters.

The *Couronne*, having escorted the *Alabama* to the three mile limit, put down her helm, and steamed back into port without delay. There was also a steam yacht, flying the flag of an English yacht club, and named the *Deerhound*, that was cruising along with the *Alabama*. Her owner and his family were on board, on a pleasure voyage, and now were resolved to see

the fight. He had been persuaded by his two sons to witness the engagement rather than go to church on the shore. It was lucky for the *Alabama* that they were along.

The *Kearsarge* ran out about seven miles, followed by the *Alabama*. Then she turned and faced her pursuer, and the two vessels stood about a mile apart. The *Kearsarge* steered straight for her enemy, presenting her starboard battery, and with the intention of closing with her or running her down.

The *Alabama* veered and presented her own broadside to the *Kearsarge*. The action became general, and both ships fired unceasingly at a distance of 500 yards. Thus they went around and around, fighting in circles as they drifted about the same distance from each other all the time.

Captain Semmes, standing on the horse-block with his glass in hand, ordered the gunners to use solid shot. "Our shells strike the enemy's side and fall into the water. For some reason they do not penetrate. I cannot understand it."

Had Captain Semmes known that the *Kearsarge* had a coating of armor plate and that her

wooden sides concealed an ironclad, he would have understood why his shells did not enter his enemy, but merely indented her sides and then fell harmlessly into the sea. But he did not know this until after the engagement.

After two hours of circling and firing, it became evident that the *Alabama* was in a distressed condition. Great wounds in her side let in the water, many of her guns were silenced, and her decks were covered with the dead and the wounded. She began to sink and her officers saw she was doomed.

Captain Semmes ordered one of his men to go below and see how long the *Alabama* could float. The officer returned and reported, "Not many minutes, sir. She is filling fast."

"Then cease firing, shorten sail, and haul down the colors. We cannot afford to sink with all these wounded men on board."

The *Alabama* struck her colors, and in a short while the sound of the guns from both ships died away. The wounded were quickly placed in boats and taken to the *Kearsarge*, while the others leaped into the sea just as the raider plunged into the waters and disappeared forever.

Captain Semmes himself had received a wound in the hand. When the time came to leap overboard, he threw his sword into the sea, and jumped into the water. Other officers and men were in the sea, some on rafts, some with life preservers, and all swimming as best they could toward the *Deerhound,* that was rapidly coming to their rescue. Some of the men were drowned, but most of them found their way to the *Kearsarge* or were picked up by the *Deerhound.*

Mr. Lancaster, the owner of the yacht, had watched the fight at a safe distance. When he saw that the *Alabama* was sinking he steamed near the *Kearsarge.* Captain Winslow called out to him, "For God's sake, do what you can to save those poor fellows in the water." Then the owner went quickly to the swimming men, and lifted them on board. Captain Semmes was among the number rescued by the *Deerhound,* and when he was pulled aboard he was almost exhausted with the exertions of the day and his struggle in the water.

Mr. Lancaster approached Captain Semmes and said, "I think every man has been picked up. Where shall I land you."

"I am now under English colors, and the sooner you put me on English soil the better," was the reply.

The little yacht moved rapidly away, carrying the rescued officers and men to Southampton. And the *Kearsarge* turned homeward, leaving behind her the sunken wreck of what was no longer the terror of the seas.

THE *BANSHEE* RUNS THE BLOCKADE

A BLOCKADE runner during the Civil War had enough adventure and hair-breadth escapes to fill a volume. The Confederacy was sadly in need of supplies of ammunition, and had plenty of cotton to sell. Therefore the English blockade runners would fill their holds with powder and guns, slip through the blockade, sell their cargo for cotton, and slip out the best way they could. In this way the South had war supplies to fight with and the British mills had cotton to spin. But it was dangerous business.

Wilmington lies some miles up the Cape Fear River in North Carolina. At the entrance of the river was Fort Fisher, whose guns kept the Northern blockading fleet at a safe distance. Under the protection of these guns the blockade runners, once safe inside, could find an easy course up the river itself.

The blockading fleet surrounded the entrance to the river. There was an inshore squadron of Federal vessels, lying during the day just out-

side of range, and at night weighing anchor and patrolling the river from shore to shore. Farther out was another cordon of cruisers, alert and watchful. Beyond these were gunboats stationed at intervals.

It was not safe or easy to pass all these vessels, especially as the blockade runner had to steer in the dark with all lights out, and make not a sound. Yet there were many that did it, for it was as profitable as it was dangerous.

The *Banshee* was a blockade runner. Her engines were not very satisfactory, and nine or ten knots were all she could do. Therefore her captain had to be very careful. To avoid the free cruisers patrolling the Gulf Stream a man was always kept in the cross-trees, and if he saw a vessel he cried out, "Sail ahead!" and the *Banshee* would change her course until the sail was lost over the horizon.

The lookout man was given a dollar for every sail he saw. If the sail was first sighted from the deck the man was fined five dollars. This was done to sharpen his eyes. It was of first importance to a blockade runner to see before she was seen.

The *Banshee* crept along the shores of the Bahamas, invisible in the darkness, and ran on out of Nassau for two days unmolested, though she had to change her course several times to avoid hostile vessels. On the third day at noon the bearings showed that she was just off Wilmington, and near enough to run into the shelter of the guns of Fort Fisher, provided she could slip by the blockade during the night.

The ship was heavily loaded with kegs of powder and other military supplies. The captain could not risk lying out another day, and calling his men said to them,

"We will run in tonight. All lights out, not a sound, not a match to be lighted, not a pipe to be smoked!"

The darkness fell around the vessel, and she began feeling her way along the water in the black night, guided by the compass, and with engines slowed down so as to make as little noise as possible, and her smoke stacks showing no sparks.

It was an exciting game, and everything on the *Banshee* was tense with the danger ahead. They had to thread their way without lights

through a string of blockading vessels, hit the mouth of a river only a half mile wide, and with a coast line so low and flat that there was nothing to serve as a sign.

The captain's plan was to run up the coast about twenty miles, round the northernmost blockaders, get inside their line, and then run down close to the surf until the river was reached. There was no moon, of course, but the night was dangerously clear and calm. He would have preferred heavy clouds and a rolling sea.

He steamed cautiously forward in the darkness. The engine room hatch-ways were covered and the steersman had to see the compass through a paper tube that came nearly to his eyes. All was silent, dark and watchful.

The *Banshee* steamed on slowly and silently. There was no sound except the beat of the engine and the stroke of the paddle-wheels in the water. But even those sounds were distressingly loud to the anxious men on the bridge. All hands were on deck, crowded behind the bulwarks, every eye strained into the darkness.

The pilot whispered to the captain, "Better cast a lead and see where we are. It is too dark

for me to make out our distance from shore."

A muttered order down to the engine room and the *Banshee* slowed down and stopped. It was an anxious moment, for there is always danger of steam blowing off when the engines stop, and that would have been a fatal signal to the blockade ship.

Quickly a line was cast overboard, hauled up, and the soundings taken. "Sixteen fathoms—sandy bottom with no black specks," was the report.

"Too far southward," said the pilot quietly. "Port two points and go a little farther."

The *Banshee's* engines were again in motion. In about an hour the pilot grew tense and said, "There's one of them on the starboard bow. Look out. Steady."

The *Banshee* slipped through the water quietly within a hundred yards of the long, low, black vessel lying in wait for her. But she was not sighted, and passed on unheeded.

"That's one we have passed through," said the captain.

In less than half an hour another dark hull loomed up in front of the runner. It was a

cruiser on the port bow. A sharp order brought the *Banshee* around, and, still unobserved, she quietly passed on. Evidently she was taken for one of the blockading vessels and was not suspected of being a runner.

It was now getting along into the night, and if daylight caught the *Banshee* out of the range of the guns of the fort she would be in a bad plight. Instead of rounding the fleet, as she had expected to do, she had blundered into the midst of them, and was going through instead of going around.

"We cannot stop now. We must keep on and get through or we will go to the bottom if they sight us. Keep her headed for the river."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the pilot, and put her straight ahead by the compass, though it was still dark as pitch. Her progress was slow, and once she came perilously near running afoul of a blockade vessel that was crossing in front of her.

"Be careful there, and watch where you are going! Have you seen any blockade runner to-night?' angrily demanded the captain of the blockader.

"Not a sight nor sound of one," responded the pilot of the *Banshee*, and went steadily on.

The day was just breaking when the *Banshee* was nearing the fort and the protecting guns. But she was discovered by six or seven gunboats, who started out in swift pursuit, firing as they came.

On came the gunboats and faster fled the runner, headed for protection. The day came quickly and the chase was seen by the gunners at the fort, who sprang to their guns.

A flash and a roar from the shore, that was like music to the ears of the *Banshee's* men, and a shell came whistling over the river, and over the topmast of the *Banshee*, and right in the path of the pursuers.

Fort Fisher was awake, her guns were roaring. She was protecting the runner with her fire, and the gunboats gave up the chase.

The sun rose over the sea, the blockaders fled out of range of the big guns, and the *Banshee* was safe inside. Another blockade runner had slipped through. Thus it was that the Confederacy obtained powder for her guns, and England had cotton for her mills.

THE SINKING OF THE *ALBEMARLE*

THE *Albemarle* was a Confederate ironclad, as ironclads went in those days. Her hull above the water line was covered with four inches of iron bars. Such armor would be no more than paper against the heavy guns of this day, but then they served well. The time of heavy armor plate and rifled cannon had not yet come.

The *Albemarle* was built in 1863 on the Roanoke River, and began her career in the spring of the next year. One foggy morning she steamed down the river to attack the Union blockading fleet. Her officers were confident that she carried death and destruction to the wooden warships of the enemy.

Soon a blockader came in sight. The *Albemarle* steamed straight at her, and a few shots sent her to the bottom. Another gunboat surrendered. So far, fortune had favored the *Albemarle*.

Shortly afterwards she steamed into the deeper waters of Albemarle Bay, seeking the

wooden vessels and hoping to sink them or drive them away. Her first encounter was with the *Sassacus*, a vessel of powerful armament. The *Sassacus* was more agile than the *Albemarle* and played around her, looking for a vulnerable spot in her armor. The *Sassacus*, under a full head of steam, made a dash for the *Albermarle* and struck her such a blow that she drove the ironclad bodily half under the water.

But the *Albemarle* recovered, and the two vessels began firing at each other at short range. Little damage was done to the hull of the ironclad, but one of the balls of the *Sassacus* entered a port hole and did havoc inside. The ironclad made a quick and safe retreat to the protection of a fort.

The *Albemarle* was put in fighting trim, and lay alongside her wharf waiting for a chance to go outside and renew her attack upon the blockade. At this juncture a young Union officer, Lieutenant Cushing, went to the commander of the fleet and proposed a daring plan.

"Give me a swift steam launch and a dark night and I will sink the *Albemarle* where she lies at her wharf."

"How will you do that?" asked the commander.

"I will explode a torpedo under her hull and send her to the bottom of the Roanoke."

"Suppose you are discovered before you do that?"

"It is the peril of war. If we are discovered, then in all likelihood we will be the ones to go to the bottom of the Roanoke," was the gallant reply.

It was a dangerous adventure. The *Albemarle* lay eight miles up the river. Fort Plymouth, at the mouth, was garrisoned by 8000 soldiers. The banks were patrolled all the way down to the mouth by ever watchful sentinels. The chances of success were very remote, but Cushing was given his launch and his crew. It was likely that none of them would ever live to return.

It was a dark night in October, 1864. The little launch headed upstream, with her crew of seven men, towing two boats, each holding ten men, and all armed with pistols, cutlasses and grenades. The launch proceeded slowly, making as little noise as possible, and keeping

to midstream to avoid the sentinels on the banks. The fort was passed, and the eight miles up the river were made, and no alarm was given. They came to Plymouth Town, where everything was quiet.

Lieutenant Cushing knew the town well. He headed toward the wharf, where lay the object of his attack. The launch glided almost noiselessly to the spot where the ironclad lay at anchor. The sentinel, seeing a dark object approaching, called out,

"What boat is that?"

There was no reply. The launch glided on nearer and nearer to the *Albemarle*.

"What boat is that?" came the insistent demand.

The low voice of Cushing gave an order, "Cast off," and the two boats in tow were loosed and drifted back. Then the launch and the boats came quickly to the mooring of the ironclad. Concealment was no longer possible.

Upon the *Albemarle* all was confusion. Scenting a night attack from some source, there were shouting of orders, ringing of bells, running of men, and firing of muskets. Lights flashed here

and there. Where all had been silence and rest, now there was noise and hurried movement. Cushing had to hurry if he would succeed in his exploit.

But an unexpected obstacle was encountered. The *Albemarle* was not fifty feet away, but she was protected by a raft of logs on all sides, placed there to prevent just such an attack. The launch and the boats could not pass the raft. They had been discovered and firing began. Cushing was in a bad plight, and had to think quickly or he and his men were lost.

He decided upon a desperate chance. The logs had been long in the water and were probably slippery from slime. He would drive his launch over them and attack the *Albemarle* from the raft. Without an instant's delay the launch was turned around and steamed rapidly into the river. Then, heading for the *Albemarle*, Cushing drove his launch at full speed into the raft.

The logs sank under the bow of the launch, the engine drove her forward, and over the raft she went, making a path for the smaller boats to follow. Bullets poured like hail over her decks.

Again came the demand from the *Albemarle*, "Who are you and what do you want?"

The answer was a full shot from a howitzer from the launch, that tore across the *Albemarle's* deck. By that she recognized that she was being attacked, and her guns were rapidly made ready for action.

The launch carried a torpedo at the end of a spar that hung forward. The torpedo was controlled by three cords, one that dropped the spar into the water, one that loosened it from the spar, and one that exploded it. The launch was now almost alongside the ironclad, and was in much danger from the explosion. But the lieutenant never hesitated.

Cushing pulled the first cord and the spar dropped its head in the water under the hull of the ironclad. He pulled the second cord and the torpedo was freed from its fastening. A bullet tore across his hand, making an ugly wound. But he never hesitated. He pulled the third cord.

A column of water rose in the air, lifting the *Albemarle* as though it was a feather. Then she settled down into the ooze of the river, a great hole torn in her bottom. The torpedo had done

its work, and the *Albemarle* had fought its last battle.

A great cry arose from the deck of the ironclad, but Cushing was in no humor to surrender, though his own launch was a wreck.

"Save yourselves, men, the best you can. Swim for it anywhere. It is your only chance," he called to his crew.

In an instant he threw off his coat, shoes, sword and pistols and leaped into the water. His men did likewise, and in the darkness struck out for the other shore. In five minutes the attack had been made, the *Albemarle* sunk, the launch and boats a wreck, and the crew swimming for their lives. Bullets from the wharf and the shore fell thick around them.

Boats put out in pursuit of the swimming men. All were captured but two, one of whom sank and one escaped. Cushing himself they did not find. After a long search the Confederates decided he was drowned and gave up the search.

But the brave lieutenant had reached the other shore, chilled, exhausted and almost dead. He staggered on, not daring to rest or to show himself. He concealed himself in a swamp the

next day. Then he went on down the river, through the bushes, hungry and tired, escaping the vigilance of the sentinels by hiding in the mud or in the tangled thickets.

At last he saw some men on the side of a creek, eating their mid-day meal. Their boat was tied to a tree some distance from where they were sitting. In desperation Cushing let himself into the water, swam noiselessly to the boat, untied it, and pushed it out into the stream. The men had not noticed him or heard any noise.

Soon he was in the boat and paddling for the ocean, where he knew his own commander was waiting with anxiety for any news of his adventure. Onward he paddled, night came, and midnight was reached. For an hour he paddled in the bay, seeking for a gunboat. Hungry, thirsty, cold and tired, he had almost given up the search when he saw the dark hull of a boat ahead of him.

"Ship ahoy!" he called out.

"Who goes there?" was the answer.

"Lieutenent Cushing. Take me up."

A boat was quickly lowered, and the lieu-

tenant was taken on board. He told his story to the amazed crew, who spread it to the whole fleet. When he reported to his commander the next day, that officer put his hands on the shoulders of the young lieutenant and said,

"Cushing, I never believed you could do it, or that you would be alive at this hour. For coolness and daring, I doubt if your exploit has had its equal in the history of war."

THE EXPLOIT OF RICHMOND HOBSON

THE battleship *Maine* had been blown up as it lay in the harbor of Havana. The United States was prompt to lay the blame for this action on Spain, and war was declared against that country, April 21, 1898.

The Atlantic squadron, under Rear-Admiral Sampson, was sent to Cuba, then a possession of Spain, and a blockade of ships was stretched around that island. But the Spanish Admiral Cervera, with his fleet, succeeded in getting past the blockade, and was safe inside the harbor of Santiago, on the southern coast of Cuba.

There was nothing to do but make the best of the situation, and so the American fleet closed up the mouth of the harbor with their ships, while Cervera stayed inside with the fleet.

The American ships dared not go inside, for there were the frowning guns of Morro Castle guarding the entrance, and deadly mines under the surface of the water which no ship would escape unless its pilot knew their location. On

the other hand, the Spanish ships dare not go out, for they would risk destruction from the large and powerful vessels of the American navy.

"Why did Cervera come over here, if he does not intend to fight? Why does he hide inside the harbor after crossing the ocean? Why didn't he stay at home if this is the way he intends to act?" Those were the questions the American officers asked, but to which there was no answer.

To make sure that all the Spanish fleet were inside the harbor, and that none were lurking outside or had turned back home, Admiral Sampson sent Lieutenant Victor Blue to make a survey of the situation.

Lieutenant Blue landed on the island, braving the dangers of shots from the fort, climbed through thickets and bushes, up a hill, and lying close to the ground, with a field glass took a look at the harbor. He saw the Spanish fleet riding at anchor about half way from the city of Santiago to the mouth of the bay.

Returning to the shore where his small boat lay concealed, he was carried back to the fleet and reported to Admiral Sampson, "There are four cruisers and two torpedo boat destroyers."

"Very well," replied Sampson. "We can stay here as long as they can stay there. If they ever come out they will never get home." And so the American commander put his fleet in blockading order.

Now began the bombardment of the Spanish forts at the mouth of the harbor. Day after day the big guns from the American ships fired shells at the shore batteries of the enemy and at Morro Castle. The shore batteries suffered much damage, but Morro Castle, being on an elevation and massive in construction, suffered very little.

At length the blockaders ceased firing, and Admiral Sampson held a consultation with Commodore Schley, whose squadron was cooperating with him.

"The most effective way to stop up this harbor is to sink a ship in the narrow neck of the channel, and then the Spanish fleet cannot get out, nor can we get in," said one to the other.

"What ship would you suggest?"

"We have a coal ship here, the *Merrimac*, nearly as long as the channel is wide. She is now full of coal and heavy. If we can put her across

the neck of the channel and send her to the bottom, then Cervera is corked up in the bottle."

"A good idea. If we can do that, then some of our big ships can find service elsewhere, instead of staying here."

And so the commanders agreed upon the daring plan of sinking the *Merrimac*.

But the plan had to be carried out under the blazing guns of Morro Castle, in full view of the enemy, and there was not one chance in a thousand of the men undertaking it ever getting back alive. Who would volunteer for this perilous adventure?

Calling for volunteers, the officer in charge said to the men, "This is a dangerous undertaking. It will probably be done under heavy fire from the enemy. You are signing your death warrant if you agree to go."

But there were more volunteers than were needed, yes, ten times more than were needed.

The position of leader was assigned to Richmond P. Hobson, a young naval engineer. Seven sailors were given him as assistants. Careful and detailed orders were issued to them, so

that there could be no mistake, and preparations began for the adventure.

One would suppose that the night before was spent by those men in gloomy forebodings of their fate. Not so. They were the envied of all their companions. They laughed and talked as usual, and spoke of their return as certain. It is always so with brave soldiers and sailors. No matter what the odds, they count on coming out of it safely.

Early in the evening of June 3, 1898, everything was ready. The men waited until the moon had set. It was dark, and a good half-hour before the break of day. The crew had assembled quietly and were awaiting orders from the captain.

"All ready there?" demanded Hobson, and then counted his men and gave them orders.

"Take off all your outer clothing, and leave only your under-garments. You will have to swim back, you know."

The men stripped as told and stood ready.

"Now on board and to your places, and no noise."

Each man sprang onto the collier. Around

his waist he buckled a belt carrying a knife and a revolver. Under his arms he placed a life-preserver. Behind him in the darkness were hundreds of companions bidding him good luck and God-speed.

In a few moments the *Merrimac* was under steam, and quietly moving towards the mouth of the harbor, her decks almost awash, so heavily was she burdened with coal. Not a light on board, not a sound. Slowly she crept along, keeping in the shadows as far as she could.

They could not hope to escape being seen. The stars overhead gave enough light for the watchful enemy to see the dark craft creeping over the waters. From the cliffs overhead there came a blinding flash and a great roar, and a shell burst near the collier. Then rockets and flares went up to light the harbor, and the *Merrimac* was spotted by the enemy's guns, and the pitiless storm of iron began to pour around her.

Fortunately the aim of the gunner was poor, and most of the missiles fell into the sea. They made a great splash all around the *Merrimac*, that now put on steam to head for its destination.

A search-light sprang out from Morro Castle and swept the water. It made the harbor as bright as day wherever it touched. It bathed the *Merrimac* in its brilliant glow, and the very men on her deck could be seen by the gunners on the cliffs and along the shore.

"I think we are discovered," said Hobson merrily to one of his companions.

"Yes," was the reply, "and with very little on our bodies to hide us."

Hobson continued giving his orders steadily and without tremor in his voice. Not a quiver in the hands of the pilot, or deck hand, or stoker, The *Merrimac* went straight on for her place in the channel, regardless of the hail of shell around her.

Shrapnel ripped holes in the hull. The smoke-stack was shot through. The deck was splintered. But the engine room was safe, and she went on limping badly over the waters, now turning gray with the early dawn.

"Heaven grant we reach the narrows before we all go to the bottom," said Hobson. "I should hate to die and fail in this effort."

The narrows were reached and orders were

given to steer the collier across the channel. The steersman started for position. But a shot tore away his rudder. Another shot cut the anchor clear of its lashing and it went plunging to the bottom. The *Merrimac* did not respond to the helm and slowly turned with the tide into wider waters. She could not be held in position.

Hobson leaped for the electric buttons that explode the mines that would sink the ship. A roar from one side only showed that all the buttons were not working. Some mines exploded and some did not. The *Merrimac* began to sink but not where it was intended that she should.

"It will be death to leap overboard in this hail of shells," said Hobson to his men. "Let her drift where she will, and when she goes down we will go overboard at the last minute. Then we will see what will become of us."

The *Merrimac* sank slowly as she drifted. At last she plunged head foremost into the waters of the harbor and went down to the bottom. But she did not close the mouth of the harbor.

Hobson and his men leaped into the sea at the right moment, swam clear of the suction, and boarded a raft that the collier had been towing. The enemy's guns ceased firing. A launch put out from the shore to the rescue of the men, now easily recognized in the light of the coming day.

In the bow of the launch stood a Spanish officer. As the launch approached the raft, Hobson arose and saluted. A dozen guns were pointed at his breast, but a sharp rebuke from the officer brought them down.

"We surrender as prisoners of war," said Hobson.

"I am Admiral Cervera, of the Spanish navy," replied the officer. "You shall be treated with all respect."

And so Hobson and his men were carried to the flagship of the Spanish admiral. In a few hours, under a flag of truce, a note was sent to Admiral Sampson from Admiral Cervera in which it was stated that the eight men were safe, and that "daring like theirs makes the bitterest enemy proud that his fellowmen can be such heroes."

THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET

THE Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera was inside the harbor of Santiago. The narrow neck of the harbor was defended on one side by Morro Castle and on the other side by Fort Socapa. Outside, the squadrons of Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley were on guard, watching day and night for the Spanish fleet to come out for battle or to attempt an escape. For five weeks the American squadrons kept the Spanish vessels bottled up, and the daily round of waiting and watching grew irksome to marines and sailors, who were anxious for the roar of battle.

During this time the American army under General Shafter was making its way overland, behind the city, and was nearly ready to make its attack upon the fortifications. Admiral Cervera determined to save his fleet by flight and made preparations for a dash to the high seas. But of course the fleet outside had no warning of this.

Admiral Sampson was first in command of the American squadrons. He had received orders to go to a conference with General Shafter a few miles up the coast.

"If I go, something is sure to happen," said he on leaving, to one of his officers. "Those Spanish ships will come out and I will miss the chance of my life." And it happened just as he feared.

Sunday morning, July 3, 1898, came just as all other mornings came. The day was clear, the sun was blazing hot, the sea smooth as glass. The sailors set about getting ready for religious services and for inspection. They had no idea that the great day had come that they had hoped for for five long weeks. Sampson was absent up the coast, and Commodore Schley was in command of the squadron.

About ten o'clock, when all was ready for the chaplain's assembly, the officer on the lookout of the bridge of the *Oregon* shouted, "They are coming! Report to Commodore Schley and to the captain that the Spanish fleet is coming through the narrows."

Hardly had he made the report when a gun

from the *Iowa* gave notice of a signal that was going up her mast. The signal flags meant, "The enemy's fleet is moving westward out of the harbor."

The sailors forgot it was Sunday, forgot everything except that the time had come when the enemy's fleet was in motion. Every ship thrilled with excitement. Anchors were hoisted, guns were manned, steam was raised, and with naval precision and swiftness preparations were made for pursuit. There was no disorder and no confusion. Every officer knew what he had to do, every captain knew the part his ship had to play, every man knew where he belonged. The machinery of the pursuit snapped into action without hitch or delay.

Seven miles away the *New York*, which had carried Admiral Sampson to his interview with Shafter, heard the sound of the *Iowa's* guns. "That means the Spaniards are coming out of the harbor," said Sampson. "Full speed return!" and at once the *New York* started back under all speed that she could make.

Great clouds of smoke rose from the vessels coming out of the harbor. Beyond a doubt

Cervera was bringing his whole fleet in a desperate chance of escape. The glasses of the American officers anxiously watched for the first vessel to show herself beyond the narrow neck, and sail into the open sea.

Soon they made out the flag-ship of the Spanish fleet, the *Maria Theresa*. About a quarter of a mile behind followed the *Viscaya*. Then came the *Cristobal Colon*, the *Oquendo*, the *Pluton* and the *Furor*. It was not a formidable fleet and Admiral Cervera showed his wisdom in trying to escape rather than to give battle.

The American fleet stood ready to leap, like greyhounds in leash. There was the *Brooklyn*, the flagship of Commodore Schley, a fast sailing ship. There was the *Oregon*, that had sailed fifteen thousand miles from the Pacific Coast, around Cape Horn, to be in the blockading fleet. Then her sister ship, the *Indiana*, and the *Iowa*, the *Texas*, and the *New York* and the *Massachusetts*, besides some smaller cruisers and destroyers.

The Spanish fleet, well out of the harbor, turned squarely to the west and put on all speed. The American fleet started in pursuit

as fast as steam could carry. They came near the fleeing enemy, and the Spaniards fired. The American fleet responded. The Spanish shots went wild and found no target, but the American gunners soon found the range, and did terrible damage to the flying foe.

The *Brooklyn,* being a fast vessel, took the lead in the pursuit. She steamed at the *Viscaya* under full head, her stacks giving out clouds of smoke and her engines throbbing. She soon overtook her enemy, poured a broadside into her and wheeled around and poured another. The effect was terrific. The *Viscaya* was rendered almost helpless, her hull was pierced, her guns dismantled, while the dead and the wounded covered the decks. Worse than all, fire broke out in the hold and the proud *Viscaya* was doomed.

By this time the other ships had dealt with the *Maria Theresa* and the *Oquendo*. They had been riddled with shells, were on fire, and had run aground about six miles from the harbor. The *Viscaya* followed their example and beached her blazing hulk upon the rocks. The *Pluton* and the *Furor* had been engaged by Lieutenant

Richard Wainwright in his converted yacht, the *Gloucester*. A shot pierced the *Pluton* and she began to leak badly. The *Furor* tried to escape in vain. Riddled like a sieve she went limping to the shore.

It had hardly been more than a target practice for the American gunners. As the Spanish ships ran aground their crews leaped into the water to escape the fire and many were drowned. The American boats went quickly to their rescue. The *Gloucester* took off the men from the *Viscaya*. Among them was Admiral Cervera himself, who was most distressed at the fate of his fleet. But Lieutenant Wainwright treated him with great courtesy and consideration, and everybody remembered how gallantly he had acted when Hobson and his crew were prisoners in his hands.

All the Spanish vessels had been accounted for except the *Colon*. Seeing the *Viscaya* on fire and driven ashore, the *Colon* made desperate efforts to escape, thinking that she could get away while the general engagement was going on. She was six miles ahead of the nearest American vessel, and was the fastest of the Spanish fleet.

The *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon* led the pursuit after the fleeing Spaniard. It was a thrilling race of over forty miles. All vessels, pursuer and pursued, put on every pound of steam the boilers would stand. The boiler rooms became so heated that the firemen had to be relieved every half hour, and some of them fainted from the intense heat and great exertion.

Gradually the *Brooklyn* forged ahead and was gaining on the *Colon*. The *Oregon* was close behind. Mile after mile was passed, clouds of smoke streaming behind the fast flying vessels. Each one left a long wake of foam stretching far behind. The *Colon* saw that the *Brooklyn* would overhaul her, and began hugging the shore, choosing to run on the rocks rather than be captured. The *Brooklyn* intervened on a shorter course, and forced the *Colon* to a straight run for the time being.

The ships were now five miles apart. A shot from the *Oregon* fell short of the *Colon*, and another, a few minutes later, fell in front of her. A third shot went over her decks, cutting her rigging in many places. The *Brooklyn* opened with her guns. The *Colon* was now in easy range,

and was a target for the merciless fire of all the pursuing vessels. Behind the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon* there were others following, including the *New York*. The *Colon* gave up the fight, struck her colors, and headed for the shore. Forty-two miles had been run in the chase.

When the *Colon* reached shallow water her crew opened the cocks to sink her. She began rapidly to fill with water, but the *New York* pushed her onto the beach, where she settled. This was the last of the Spanish fleet that a few hours before had sailed so hopefully out of the harbor of Santiago.

About four hundred Spaniards were lost in this battle, and about sixteen hundred were taken prisoners. Of the Americans only one man was lost. And, after all, it was not much of a battle, and not much to boast of, for the crack ships of the American navy were fighting the old worn out ships of Spain, and outnumbered them two to one.

CAPTAIN SCOTT STOPS A LEAK

IN the harbors of our great cities that lie on the water fronts, there are wrecking tugs, whose business it is to rush to the rescue of any vessel in trouble. There are sometimes collisions, or engine troubles, or leaks, and big vessels must be towed into the docks for repairs. These wrecking tugs are small, powerful, steady little steam craft, that are like bull dogs in a fight. Size does not always count.

Captain Scott was in command of the wrecking tug, *Reliance*, and was always on his job, no matter what were the conditions of the weather. Fog or rain, snow or sleet or ice, day or night, he was ready at a moment's notice for service.

One cold day in January, 1890, the ice in the Hudson River was very heavy. It was a bitterly cold day, the ice had almost blocked the river, and all vessels were having a hard time in making any progress at all. A big Hoboken ferry boat was slowly crunching her way through the

floating floes, pushing aside the ice packs the best she could. In midstream the pack was so heavy that the paddles were choked, and the ferry boat could hardly move.

It was early morning. Crowds of laboring men, women and children were on board. Teams of wagons were packed in the driveway. The cabins were filled to the very doors. The ferry boat was carrying a capacity load. The ice pack in front was piling up, and she backed a little to gain strength for a push through.

At that moment another vessel crossing her path, veered a point or two, and came crashing into her, driving a big hole in her just below the water line. The shock was felt by everyone on board, and a great cry went up from hundreds of throats.

"We are struck! We will sink in this ice! We will never reach shore!"

Women clasped their children in their arms; horses reared and plunged, forsaken by their drivers; the ice seemed to tighten its grasp, and rescue seemed impossible. The big ferry boat groaned from the terrible wound in her side, careened a moment, and fell over on her beam

helpless, while the water rushed through the gash like a torrent. It seemed but a few minutes before the big boat would go down in midstream with hundreds of souls on board. The pilot of the ferry dared not leave his wheel, or his boat would certainly founder at once.

Not two hundred yards away from the scene of the collision was the *Reliance,* making her way upshore for coal. She was also on the look-out for wrecks, as the day was a dangerous one in the New York harbor. Captain Scott saw the collision, heard the cry of the persons on board, and saw the ferry careen as the water poured into her hold.

The colliding vessel reversed her engines and pulled out as she should have done, but was powerless to give any aid. Captain Scott arose to the emergency.

"Hard a-port! Slow down!" were his quick orders, and he drove his strong tug through the ice, and approached the stricken ferry. His master eye saw the damage, noted the shattered planks, and realized the danger. His tug pointed her nose at the ferry, and came straight on, but not fast enough to strike.

Running along his own pilot house, he climbed out to the end of the tug, and as the two vessels came side by side, he caught the rail of the ferry with both hands, swung clear of the tug, and leaped on board the stricken vessel, as agile as a cat.

It was all done in a moment. The fearful crowd gave a shout of joy as they recognized him. "Captain Scott! Captain Scott!" and the women wept when they saw him, for he was famous for his courage and resource.

"Back, every one of you, to the starboard side, to right this boat!" He pushed the crowd before him, and the ferry regained almost an even keel.

"Now every one of you stand still where you are. If you move to the other side, you may sink this boat. Safety depends on your obeying orders."

The crowd stood as he placed them.

Scott dropped into the engine room. Half way down the ladder he met the engineer and some men coming up. "Back, all of you, to your places, and help me stop this leak! The lives of five hundred people depend on you."

The men turned back and followed his orders.

"Drag every mattress, every blanket, all the clothes, overalls, and everything else you find, and hurry down to the leak."

The men sprang to their task. Cotton waste, carpets, cushions, everything was brought by quick and willing hands and stuffed into the gaping wound. Each broken plank was pushed back and the water held in check. The flow was growing less, but it was dangerous still. The men were numb with cold, the water was like ice, and their hands were frozen. One place only was left leaking, and through that the water was pouring in a volume that was dangerous.

"Quick, another blanket, a mattress, a carpet, anything!" called Scott. "We must hold this water at all hazards."

"We have used everything, even to the overcoats and coats of the passengers. There is nothing left," was the despairing answer.

"Your own clothes, men! Every rag you have on, and mine, too! Think of the women and the babies. Come, be quick! Tell the *Reliance* to hitch on and pull for the slip as fast as she can."

Everything went into that gap. Still the water

came. The tug hitched on, pulled with her chains, and the ferry, now on an even keel, crawled through the ice, the water gaining in her hold. Would she hold out to get into the slip?

In an agony of fear for those on board, Scott saw the doubt, and before anybody could prevent him, he slipped his body into the big hole, with his arm outside, exposed to the drifting ice. The horrified men around him begged him to desist.

"You will freeze. You will die," they cried.

"Better for me to die, than for all those men, women and children up yonder on deck. Think of the babies, men." And Captain Scott squeezed tighter into the hole and made the men stuff their clothes around him where the water was coming through.

It took an hour for the *Reliance* to pull the big disabled ferry out of that ice pack and into her slip. But when she arrived she was still afloat, and all the passengers hurried ashore. They fell on their knees, in thankfulness for their escape from death.

But what of Captain Scott? When they lifted him from the wreck he was unconscious and

barely alive. The dreadful cold had frozen his body, and his arm was torn and bleeding from the ice into which it had been thrust for over an hour. He was hurried by loving hands and followed by a crowd to a hospital. When he regained consciousness the first thing he said was,

"Say, doctor, were any of those children hurt?"

It took the captain a month to get well, and it was six weeks before he could put on his coat, but he had flowers in his room every day.

THE ADVENTURES OF *THE BEAR*

IN San Francisco Bay there now lies an old wooden vessel, fifty-odd years of age, that has sometimes been called the world's greatest adventure ship. She is the coast guard cutter, *The Bear,* and her crews have faced death more times than the crews of any vessel in our history.

She has fought pirates in Siberia, saved dozens of ships from the grip of ice in the frozen seas, rescued thousands from death by starvation and freezing, carried medicines and clothing to villages of Eskimo, stopped the ravages of epidemics, and restored law and order along the far Alaskan coasts. Hers has been a story full of excitement, and she well deserves a rest in her old age.

Her figurehead is a big polar bear. She is known from Herschel Island to the Golden Gate, and the tribes of the North have greeted her all the way from Sitka to Demarcation Point. She is called by them the Fire Canoe, led by Nanuk, the spirit of the polar bear. Her little

six pounder and the rifles of her crew have pursued poachers until she made the waters safe for seals. Her bow, poking around some island, has broken up many a raid on the peaceable and helpless Eskimo.

The Bear was built in Scotland, and was designed for the whaling service off the coasts of Labrador. For ten years she hunted this mighty game, until she was bought for a greater and finer service.

Lieutenant A. W. Greely and twenty-five men had been lost in the Arctic for three years. All attempts to rescue them had failed. The United States government turned to the sturdy whalers of the Canada coast for those who would attempt an exploration of rescue.

The Bear was one of three vessels selected for this service. She was bought from her owners for $100,000, and with her two companion ships she started toward Greenland and the Arctic regions to find the lost men. It was one of the most remarkable races on record against cold, and crushing ice, and death from exposure.

The three ships could not communicate with one another, or with the outside world. They

plunged into fogs, they fought the ice floes, they cut their way through ice packs, as lost to civilization as though they were on the moon.

Through fog and ice, along unknown coasts, feeling their way, fighting for their own lives, they pushed on toward the place where they thought Greely and his men were.

At last, on the evening of June 22, 1884, signs of a ship broken by ice and storm were seen. A tiny launch from *The Bear* was lowered and found its way to where Greely and six men were huddled together, almost frozen and starved from their long exposure. They were all that were left of the brave crew that had started on the *Lady Franklin* expedition three years before.

The little wooden ship then became famous for her daring and strength. The government placed her in the coast guard service, sent her through the Straits of Magellan, up to San Francisco, and gave her the Arctic patrol. That was in 1885, and from that time on, until old age placed her out of commission, she was the beloved object in missions of rescue and protection to the limits of civilization in the North.

The Bear and her commander were law and order north of Nome. They were policeman, judge, jury and executioner of criminals. They carried whole villages of Eskimos from one place to another to find better fishing grounds or more game. They healed the sick, married the living, buried the dead. They punished pirates, poachers and marauders. Their word was law. Their coming meant medicine or food, their judgment meant justice, their presence meant peace. No wonder the swarthy Eskimo looked eagerly for their sails along the coast.

In the winter of 1892 *The Bear* started on a work that has resulted in saving the coastal Eskimo from starvation. Trappers, hunters and adventurers from Siberia had killed nearly all the game along the Alaskan coasts, and the poor Eskimos were in a desperate condition. Hundreds died, and whole villages were deserted. A pioneer missionary appealed to the captain of *The Bear* for helpful suggestions.

Captain Healey, for that was his name, decided to ask the government to let him bring reindeer over from Siberia, and start a herd in Alaska. Uncle Sam agreed, and Captain Healey

began his work. He built stalls inside the cutter, constructed water tanks and big food boxes, and then began to ferry the big reindeer across Behring Strait, and turn them loose in Alaska. He kept on doing this for ten years, until the Russian government stopped him.

But the reindeer thrived in Alaska. Herders were brought in from Lapland who knew how to handle them. The natives drank the milk and ate the flesh of the tame reindeer, and became independent of wild game.

Altogether *The Bear* brought over 1280 reindeer. That was the beginning of these animals in Alaska. They have increased rapidly, so that today there are more than 600,000, while 150,000 have been killed for their flesh and skins. They have been the salvation of the tribes living in the far North.

In the winter of 1897 *The Bear* was called from her berth at Oakland, California, and ordered to speed to the frozen seas to rescue forty whaling ships that had been caught in the Arctic Ocean by the early winter, and frozen hard and fast in the ice. *The Bear* filled her bunkers with coal, her hold with supplies, and

headed north to attempt the impossible—reaching the Arctic Ocean in winter.

By December she had reached a point one hundred miles below the mouth of the Yukon, and many miles beyond the point any ship had ever reached in winter. There the cutter landed three men to go overland with supplies to the imprisoned whalers. The distance was twelve hundred miles, and it was the dead of winter. But there were forty whalers and two hundred men that needed to be rescued.

The three men made a sledge of old boards, piled it with medicine, tea and food, bought two hundred reindeer to take along, and started on the long mush. Their way led them across unknown snow-covered mountains, over long, dreary plains, across frozen lakes, and by rivers never before trodden by white men. Blizzards raged and the bitter cold ate into their flesh, but they kept on, bound for the shores of the Arctic seas.

In April, 1898, they stood on the shore, and the whaling vessels were in sight. They had not lost a reindeer, except those they had killed for food. The animals had become so tame that

they followed the three men like pets. The men had not quarrelled, nor had they a moment's illness, or any accident. They had traveled the twelve hundred miles and had missed the point for which they were aiming by only five miles.

Ten miles out lay the frozen vessels. Without hesitation the cavalcade of men and reindeer started across the ice. Reaching the vessels, a hospital was started, and a regulation diet of milk, tea and reindeer meat.

When the ice broke in the summer, not a man had been lost, nor a ship injured. When the ice had cleared, *The Bear* came around Point Barrow and the rescue was completed.

To this day the natives tell the story of the three men who crossed these hundreds of miles of ice in the dead of winter. It is a saga of courage and endurance, that men still tell to one another whenever they gather during the long hours of the Arctic nights.

One more story of *The Bear*, one among many that could be told. Moving slowly one morning in the Arctic Ocean, the lookout saw a few black dots on a big cake of ice, moving north. *The Bear* put on steam and headed toward the great

floe. On the iceberg were thirty Eskimos, who had been catching seals when a great cake broke away from shore and drifted seaward.

The poor creatures were helpless, and were floating to certain death. When *The Bear* came alongside, they cried like children, and were thankful indeed to be taken back to their village.

The Bear has rescued more than 5000 persons, and there is hardly a vessel in the Arctic service that she has not at some time pulled out of the iron grip of the northern ice. Who can wonder, then, that the old wooden cutter is venerated and beloved as she lies now at her last anchorage in San Francisco Bay?

JACK BINNS SAVES THE *REPUBLIC*

A DENSE fog hung over the ocean, through which the White Star liner, *Republic*, was groping its way some twenty miles or more below Nantucket. The fog was so dense that one could hardly see a hundred feet from the rails. There were seven hundred souls aboard bound for Europe. They were laughing and talking and discussing their plans, for the voyage was young. They had been out from New York only fifteen hours.

Out of the fog suddenly came the huge shape of another steamer. The fog horns had been misunderstood, and the big ship bore down head on toward the *Republic*, dealt her a terrific blow in the side, and then backed off and was lost in the fog. It is as easy to be lost in a fog as it is in total darkness.

The frightened passengers were deadly still for a moment, then with terrified cries rushed on deck. All lights went out and the ship was

helpless in the dark. The dynamos had been put out of commission.

"Be quiet everybody. There is no great danger. We will save every soul on board if you will obey orders," cried Captain Sealby, trying to reassure the passengers.

Jack Binns was the wireless operator, and wireless telegraphy was new to the world. It had never been used for emergency before and Binns bent to his task. He was twenty-five years old and very brave.

"Now we will see if this wireless business is any good. It surely is on trial now," said he to a companion.

The walls of his little room had been crushed by the collision, his dynamos were useless, but he used his storage system, and messages began flowing over the sea.

"C.Q.D." "C.Q.D." "C.Q.D." Flashed the signal of distress far and wide. It was the distress signal of ships who stand in need of immediate help. When that signal sounds all stations shut off from other work and listen to that alone. When lives are in danger all other wireless business is suspended.

"C.Q.D." "C.Q.D." "C.Q.D." went the flashes again. The *Republic*, still reeling from the shock, with water pouring into her hold, with her decks crowded with terror stricken people, was depending on the steadiness of Jack Binns and the value of the radio message.

The ship that did the injury was the *Florida*, who was trying to locate the vessel she had damaged, but the fog was so thick that any movement was full of danger. If only there had been no fog!

Siasconset, on Nantucket Island, caught the signal and answered. Binns told of the plight of the *Republic*, and begged for aid at once. Siasconset sent out broadcast a message to all vessels on the sea within two hundred miles. All land stations were notified. In half an hour the whole coast and dozens of vessels knew of the accident and were sending responses, and were waiting for orders.

The *Baltic*, of the White Star Line, and the *Lorraine*, a French steamer, were directed to proceed to the *Republic* with all speed.

The crippled *Florida*, seeking for the damaged vessel, stood by. The fog lifted a little the next

morning, and the *Florida* went alongside and took on board all the passengers from the sinking *Republic*. Binns stayed on board his own ship. He sat at his machine receiving messages and giving directions to the ships coming his way. The fog settled again, leaving the crew and Binns on the *Republic* working tirelessly at his radio. He was determined to save the vessel if it could be done.

The *Baltic* came near, but it was four hours before the *Republic* could be located, so thick was the fog. Radios were working so vigorously and so insistently, and messages were coming from so many directions that the electric snarl was maddening to the young operator. Nobody could tell what he was saying, for all stations were sending calls, and making inquiries.

The batteries gave out on the *Republic*, and Binns resorted to signaling by marine bells. The ships that were near him could hear, but all communications with the shore were lost.

When night came again the captain ordered all the crew aboard the *Florida* and the *Baltic*, which lay alongside. "She may founder in the night," was his comment.

Binns left his station unwillingly. He had been working eighteen hours without rest, and wanted to go on. But the captain said, "No, you have done enough for one time. Try it again tomorrow."

Binns greeted the Marconi man of the *Baltic* with a smile. "I just came over to see how you were getting along. Had a lively time, didn't we?"

"All right!" was the reply. "But weren't you worried?"

"Not much. I worked too hard to have time to worry."

The next morning the *Republic* was still afloat. Captain Sealby went on board with a crew, and Binns went back to his machine, with new batteries that reached all vessels and the shore.

There he stayed on, that day and all the next night. Three vessels arrived, and the towing of the *Republic* began. Water was still seeping through the cracks in her hold that could not be stopped. But it was hoped that she could be brought to shore, so as not to be a total loss to her owners.

Binns clung to his station. One of his mes-

sages was, "I am still on the job. Ship is sinking, but I will stay by her until the last minute."

That evening the captain saw it was useless to try to save his vessel. He gave orders, "All hands abandon ship."

The crew leaped over the rail into the boats. The captain was ready to follow and called out to the young operator,

"Binns, come on, the ship is going down and we must be clear."

"Just a moment," cried Binns, and sitting down to his instrument, signaled out, "The *Republic* is sinking, and we are leaving her now. I have stuck by her to the end." He had been at his machine thirty-eight hours in all, with only a few hours for rest and food.

Within an hour the *Republic* went down, but every soul was aboard the rescue ships that Jack Binns had called from over the seas.

THE *PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT* TO THE RESCUE

THE *President Roosevelt*, transatlantic liner, was making its way from New York to Plymouth. It was a noble ship, staunch and true, and Captain George Fried was proud of his charge. Nor did he mind the storms and waves that beset the path of ships that cross the seas.

The *Roosevelt* ran into a terrible gale. The ship rolled so violently that all things movable were thrown in confusion. Glass was smashed, and the passengers had to lie down to keep from being hurt. It was one of the worst storms Captain Fried had ever encountered, but the *Roosevelt* did not mind it. She pitched and tossed, but never was in any real danger.

Before day, on a Sunday morning, the wireless operator caught a signal that some ship was in distress. Soon he found out that the *Antinoe*, a British freight vessel, was disabled by the storm and was in a critical condition. She was signaling for help. Captain Fried immediately

gave orders for the *Roosevelt* to change her course and hurry to the rescue.

For many anxious hours all eyes scanned the seas for the disabled vessel. But there had been an error of a hundred miles in the reports of the location of the *Antinoe,* and the *Roosevelt* was far off the track. It took Captain Fried several hours to correct this error and to change his course accordingly.

The *Antinoe* came in sight in the afternoon, wallowing helpless in the sea, a storm raging around her, and terrific seas rolling. The *Antinoe* had lost her rudder, her bulkheads had started leaking, soaking her cargo of wheat and flooding her cabins. She was in a pitiable condition. Her crew of twenty-five men huddled helplessly on her deck, expecting every moment to be lost.

The high seas prevented the *Roosevelt* from coming near to the disabled vessel. "We will stand by during the night and see what can be done in the morning," declared Captain Fried by radio to the men on the *Antinoe.* He was resolved not to leave the freighter until the last minute.

Night came, and the storm increased in fury.

Staterooms and cabins were in chaos. Crockery was smashed, and passengers had to hold on to keep from being hurled from their berths. Sleet, and rain and waves battered the *Roosevelt* mercilessly. Snow fell in blinding fury. In the morning the *Antinoe* was not in sight.

"That is not to be wondered at," said Captain Fried. "She may not have gone down, but only drifted out of sight."

Making his calculations again and using the radio compass, he found he had been driven over fifty miles from the *Antinoe*. All day Monday was spent in searching for the lost vessel, buffeting the waves that ran forty feet high, driven by a seventy-five mile wind.

In the afternoon the *Antinoe* was again sighted, listing terribly in a hollow of the sea.

"Thank Heaven she has not gone down, and we may yet save her crew," exclaimed the captain as he came near to the wave-swept boat.

It was a desolate spectacle that met their view. With bridge and rudder gone, with boiler room flooded, there was nothing for the helpless crew to do but await whatever fate befell them.

"Volunteers for a lifeboat to the rescue," called out the captain to his crew. Eight men and two officers responded.

"Pump oil from our storage tanks on the water," was the next order. And soon the waves were covered with a thick oily scum.

"Lower away, and be careful." The lifeboat was lowered into the sea, but a great wave smashed it into bits, and all the men went floundering in the water.

There was a frantic throwing of ropes and life preservers to the men who were overboard. Six were rescued and were dragged on deck. Two were swept away and were lost. But that was what any brave sailor might expect when he is doing rescue work. Search for them was in vain in the seas boiling all around.

Monday night passed. The *Roosevelt* circled around the wreck, fearing to lose her in the dark. At times the two vessels were so close together that the distracted men on the wreck could be seen and their pitiful cries for help could be heard above the winds. Captain Fried made efforts to land a rope on the deck of the *Antinoe*, but every attempt was a failure.

The searchlight of the *Roosevelt* was kept on the disabled ship as much as possible, but both ships plunged so that each was like a rearing and pitching horse. No light could hold long in one place.

Tuesday the gale was no milder. The wreck was still afloat, but another effort to launch a boat was unsuccessful. "It is certain death to my men to ask them to enter a boat in such a sea. It will capsize or be smashed to pieces. It is suicidal," declared Captain Fried to those who suggested it.

The day passed, and the night came again. Nobody slept. The passengers expected to see the *Antinoe* go down any minute, and the men urged their wives to go below to avoid the dreadful sight of drowning men.

Wednesday came, the *Antinoe* still afloat as by a miracle. An effort was made to float a boat over to the wreck by a rope, but it was smashed by the waves. At one o'clock that day, after repeated efforts, a shot carried a rope across to the deck of the *Antinoe*. There was a joyful shout from both vessels. But a sudden strain, as both vessels lurched in the seas,

snapped the cable. There was a groan of despair, and a heart breaking disappointment.

Late in the afternoon it was proposed to launch another boat with a crew of sailors. Many volunteers offered, and one man wept when he was refused.

"But think of your wife and children," one of the passengers told him. "I am thinking of them, and of the wives and children of those men over there, also," was his answer.

Wednesday night came, and with it a sudden lulling of the winds. The sky cleared and a full moon shone in the heavens. The waves went down, as the winds were stilling, and Captain Fried joyfully called for volunteers to the rescue.

There was a rush to the lifeboat. It was the fifth one that had been launched. The passengers on deck breathlessly looked on as the oarsmen rowed over the distance between the two vessels. A shout went up as the boat reached the wreck and tied up to its side. Eager hands were held up in the glare of the searchlight to the almost exhausted crew of the *Antinoe*. One by one the men climbed down the ladder, until the boat was full.

Willing hands lifted the men to the deck of the *Roosevelt*. The boat made another trip and brought back the others. Captain Tose of the wrecked vessel was in such a condition that he had to be carried aboard. But he was so grateful that he insisted on being carried to the bridge, to thank Captain Fried for the rescue of his men and himself. The two brave men shook hands and said very little to each other, but they understood.

All were now on board the rescue ship, weary, broken, exhausted. The passengers and crew saw that they were fed, warmed and rested, and that every arrangement was made for their comfort.

Four days of heroic and ceaseless effort had passed. Twenty-five doomed men had been saved from a wreck that soon was to plunge into the sea. The *Roosevelt* sounded a long and glorious whistle of victory and thanksgiving, and under a full moon and in a clear sky started full speed for Plymouth.

Captain Fried was overwhelmed with demonstrations of gratitude by the English people at Plymouth, but he said in his modest way, "It's just one of the things that happen at sea."